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THE TROUBLE IN CRETE: TURKISH TROOPS DESECRATING A CHURCH AT GALATA.

From a Sketch by an Officer of the Mediterranean Squadron.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

It is singular that a man of such varied reading as Lord Rosebery should confess to such little knowledge of Leigh Hunt's works, though by the general public that author is probably the least appreciated—whether as critic, essayist, or poet—of any English writer of merit. The causes for this are obvious. The works he criticised are now little read; essays are gone out of fashion; and not only are ordinary readers apt to neglect poets except of their own day, but Hunt wrote, though well, at a time when other poets—Byron, Moore, Shelley, and Keats—were writing better, and to a great extent threw him into the shade. Readers are generally inclined to limit their approbation to his translations, which, though not numerous, are indeed of the highest excellence. They forget that his autobiography is one of the best half-dozen in the language; that the contents of the "Indicator" are only surpassed by one or two essayists; and that, above all, in his "Wit and Humour" and "Imagination and Fancy," he has done more to guide the student of literature into right directions than almost any man. One poem at least, "Captain Sword and Captain Pen," is of a most original character, and one of the earliest specimens (though the author never knew it) of realism in poetry. Of Leigh Hunt's lesser productions the few verses entitled "The Lover of Music to his Pianoforte" have for tenderness and delicacy few rivals in the language—

Oh friend, whom glad or grave we seek,
Heav'n-holding shrine!
I ope thee, touch thee, hear thee speak,
And peace is mine.
No fairy casket, full of bliss,
Outvalues thee;
Love only, waken'd with a kiss,
More sweet may be.

To thee, when our full hearts o'erflow
In griefs or joys,
Unspeakable emotions owe
A fitting voice:
Mirth flies to thee, and Love's unrest,
And Memory dear;
And Sorrow, with his tighten'd breast,
Comes for a tear.

In the interesting biography of Dr. Hawtrey there is a description of his unkempt appearance, with a comment which has been greatly quoted. It is said that he was scolding some boy for being late at morning lesson, who replied that he had no time to dress. "But I can dress in time," said the Doctor. "Yes," replied the boy, "but I wash." A good story, but not a very likely one. Boys are an impudent race, it is true, without respect for anybody; but the consequences of such a reply to a Head Master would be so certain and immediate that it would have deterred the most "owdacious." It was only as a very "lower boy" that I knew Hawtrey, a distance so great as to make him almost unrecognisable; but where I saw him pretty often was in a room set apart for corporal punishment, to which the admission was free, and the spectators (including all the personal friends of the victims) numerous. Then the Doctor was dressed in first-class ecclesiastical costume and as neat as a daisy. He hated his office as castigator, and held his birch—as Lamb describes his Head Master holding his cane—"as if it were a lily." The conversation was in this wise: "Kneel down." The two attendant myrmidons stood eager for their duty, which if depicted in the pages of this periodical would rather astonish its readers. "Please Sir, first fault"—which was always allowed, except for heinous offences. "I think I remember your name." (He meant as being told to "stay," which was the fatal formula in the school-time which preceded execution). "My brother, Sir." This was a bold stroke if you had never had one at Eton before you; but despair will suggest any excuse. "I will look at my book," and so there was at least a reprieve.

Sometimes, though rarely, the Doctor made a mistake and flogged the wrong boy. A young friend of mine, G. (innocent of the particular offence with which he was charged, though a terrible pickle), resented this wrong in his own case exceedingly. "I will be even with that old fellow yet," he said, in spite of all apologies; and this he contrived to be. When boys left Eton in my time (and now, for all I know to the contrary) they always gave £10 as a parting gift to the Head Master. They called on him and put the note, in his presence, in some secluded spot—just as a shy patient deposits his fee for the doctor—and after he had gone, the Head Master collared it. But G., when taking leave, only feigned to deposit his note, pocketed it himself, and found it very useful the next week in London. "I'll teach him to 'swish' the wrong boy," he replied to the remonstrances (very mild) of his young friends; and, indeed, the good Doctor must have had a weary hunt after that non-existent "tenner," reminding one of the late Justice Bowen's definition of a "search for equity"—a blind man looking in a dark room for a black hat that isn't there.

An American friend of mine, though he does not keep silence upon the merits of his own country, is always ready to allow that the English are superior to every other nation upon earth in one respect—they have the monopoly of currant-and-raspberry tart. Dining at my humble board the other day, it was quite delightful to see his

enjoyment of this dish, of which he took—I could not help noticing with some anxiety—three helpings with cream. "Do not," he said, smiling, "be disturbed on my account; if you were used to our 'pie' you would understand that this is no ordeal to the digestion. Not that I should take a plateful the less if it were. Some rewards justify any amount of risk. I was remarking the other day that you neglected the most obvious opportunity of comfort in omitting to use ice throughout the summer months. On the other hand, you have here the greatest luxury ever bestowed by nature on the human palate, and you think nothing of it. My good friend, believe me, it is worth preserving; strengthen your army, treble your fleet, introduce if necessary the conscription, but rally round your currant-and-raspberry tart. Let no alien finger snatch from you this unrivalled dish which alone in its due season would render your country worth visiting. If I were an Englishman I would say to my cook, 'Do as you please as to other things, but never let me be without this dainty during the very limited time, as I understand, that it exists.' Those whom the gods love die young, and that probably is the reason it lasts so short a time: it is no doubt a celestial condiment. When at Harvard University I read of one Philoxenus who wished his neck was as long as a crane's, under the mistaken impression that he would thereby protract his gastronomic enjoyment. I cannot help thinking he must have had currant-and-raspberry tart in his mind, though I have no record of his having visited this favoured land. But, as I have said, I cannot help noticing the want of enthusiasm your countrymen display about this matter, though it is quite possible (and, if so, much to the credit of their intelligence) that they hope by their silence to keep it entirely to themselves. A poet of your own sings 'Oh, to be in England' (or words to that effect) 'when April's there,' but gives no better reason for the aspiration than the presence of the common thrush and the ordinary advent of the spring: if he had sung, 'Oh, to be in England at the latter end of June, when currant-and-raspberry tart comes in,' one would entertain a higher opinion of his good taste."

were impeded by "a couple of ranunculus stuck into it, sculptured, one in turnips, the other in carrots. It was surrounded by a thin layer of spinach, studded with small stars also cut in carrots. What have stars and ranunculus to do with tongue and spinach?" In some matters Walker was very far in advance of his time. He suggests what has now become not a very rare occurrence, that rich men should not only give good dinners, but "provide their guests with accommodation at places of public amusement. There are many ways in which persons of means could make their entertainments attractive and further social intercourse; whereas as matters stand the richer the host the duller generally is the dinner, chiefly because expense is lavished in the wrong direction, without taste, or invention, or rational end."

If we cannot obtain unity in religion, there is a great similarity in superstition the world over. At Ostrogoch (pretty name!), in Russia, two peasants have been convicted of murder under remarkable circumstances. They were horse-stealers, and under the mistaken impression that a candle composed of human tallow would render them invisible while pursuing their profession, they murdered a plump young villager. While melting him down in their lodgings, they were surprised by their landlady, and being unable to explain the position, were handed over to the police. Curiously enough, the same belief in the properties of "adipose deposit" in the human frame was at one time common in England. Thomas Ingoldsby makes use of it in his "Hand of Glory." The malefactors obtain their "charm" from an old woman who has taken it from a murderer on the gallows tree—

"Tis awful to see
On that old woman's knee
The dead, shrivell'd hand, as she clasps it with glee!
And now with care
The five locks of hair
From the skull of the gentleman dangling up there,
She hastens to mix
And to twist into wicks,
And one on the thumb and each finger to fix.

One would hardly think that anything new would be discovered in a biography of Porson, but a friend of mine, who adorns what he touches, however little the subject may lend itself to decoration, has discovered in that bygone volume a very curious observation by its editor. It appears almost *à propos de boute* concerning the alleged insult put upon the Greek scholar by the wife of Dr. Parr, to whom, indeed, he showed himself a very undesirable guest: "There are women who imagine that they may say, without censure, the most disagreeable things to any man, however great or good, of whom they conceive a dislike or wish to be rid. As they are safe from personal chastisement, they venture to utter all the bitterness that may arise in their minds. Nothing is more disgraceful to the female sex than these cowardly attacks on men, often of great ability and merit, whom they know to be restrained by good sense and gentlemanly forbearance towards the sex from retaliation. No man can know, who has not experienced, how much mischief may be produced by the impudent intrusions of a wife between her husband and his friends." Amazed by this uncalled-for outburst, my friend turned to the title-page of the volume to recall the name of its editor. He found it to be the Rev. John Selby Watson, who, as many of my readers will remember, was afterwards convicted of the murder of his wife, to whom he had been married for many years. Their domestic wrongs must have been a long time brewing before they came to a head.

A discussion has again arisen in some literary quarters as to "How far a good review helps a book." It would have been better to say "helps a good book," for a bad one has but a poor chance of assistance from that source or any other. A dull book is too heavy to be taken skyward by mere puffing, while the very moderate height it does attain by that means is fatal to a second essay by the same hand: readers naturally resent the "bad eminence" which the writer has reached through favour, and by which he has been recommended to them on false pretences. But if the book is good, a good notice is undoubtedly of advantage to it, provided that it appears early. There is no case in which the proverb *Bis dat qui cito dat* has an apter application. A new writer—at all events, a new novelist—is most entirely dependent upon the support he receives from the circulating libraries. They take a certain quantity, very moderate in amount, and send them out to their subscribers. If favourable reviews appear at once, more copies have to be purchased, but if later on, these notices are of little service, since the first batch of books has already been returned by their readers; the belated review only causes the same volumes to be sent out again. This is the whole secret of the advantage of a good notice; its goodness is, indeed, of small consequence compared with its promptness. In former times the daily Press paid very little regard to literature, and "noticed" no book till everybody had read it; they encumbered struggling authors with help, as Johnson puts it, after they had reached land. Of late years matters have greatly improved in this respect, though we still see the misleading title "New Novels" over a page of reviews which, however favourable, can be of no possible benefit to either author or reader.

First a dozen each of small oysters, not pampered, but fresh from their native bed, eaten simply, after the French fashion, with lemon-juice, to give an edge to the appetite. In about twenty minutes, the time necessary for dressing them, three fine flounders water-zoutched, with brown bread-and-butter, a dish which is better served at the Athenaeum than anywhere I know. At a short interval after the flounders, the grouse, not sent up together, but one after the other, hot and hot, like mutton chops, each accompanied by a plate of French beans.

One can imagine the contempt with which an epicurean of this class regards the "gorgeous and encumbered style" of entertainment. As an example of "barbaric ornament" he speaks of a tongue he had to carve where his operations

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE INSURRECTION IN CRETE.

The Sultan's proclamation, granting a general amnesty and summoning a legislative Assembly for Crete, on the basis of the Halepa Convention of 1878, by which eighty representatives of the population, forty-nine to be Christians and thirty-one Mohammedans, were to deliberate on the redress of administrative grievances, has not proved acceptable to the insurgents. The Assembly convened for June 25, at Canea, did not meet, either on that day or on the later days to which it was adjourned, in sufficient numbers to be legally constituted; while the revolutionary party, in the districts where the conflict between Turks and Greeks is actually raging with unabated violence, have been electing their delegates to a rival Assembly, intent upon entire separation from the Ottoman Empire and union with the kingdom of Greece. This attitude of the insurgents, who are now setting up a Provisional Government hostile to the sovereignty of the Sultan, has called forth the disapproval of the Ambassadors of the European Powers at Constantinople, and the whole question is approaching a crisis, which the acts of the new Governor, Georgi Pasha Berovitch, and Hassan Pasha, the Vice-Governor, seem not likely to prevent. The Turkish soldiery have suffered more than one serious local defeat; but massacres and the destruction of villages, with the wanton desecration of churches, are practised in many parts of the island. Our correspondent's sketch shows the scene of an outrage of this character at Galata, within three miles of Canea, the chief town on the north coast.

THE MATABILI AND MASHONA REVOLT.

A speedy termination of the harassing warfare between the European settlers in the British South Africa Company's territories and the ubiquitous bands of native insurgents, the Mashona as well as the Matabili, who have massacred so many defenceless white people dwelling beyond reach of timely aid, cannot yet be expected. The first efforts made both at Buluwayo and recently at Fort Salisbury, Fort Charter, and Fort Victoria in Mashonaland, were for the relief and rescue of those families and small parties of distressed fugitives from savage fury who were still in extreme peril, collected in the strongest buildings, the store-houses and station-houses, usually iron or other metal structures, that existed in their respective neighbourhoods; and much of the fighting that has taken place hitherto was done to assist the escape of defenceless persons, women and children, most of whom are now in a situation of safety.

The next object of military action has been to clear the roads of communication, and to bring reinforcements or supplies of ammunition and provisions to the main centres of defence in each district, which in Mashonaland are subordinate to Fort Salisbury, on the road to the south of that town, at Umtali, at Fort Charter, and at Fort Victoria; while in Matabiland, on the main road from Buluwayo to Fort Salisbury, part of General Sir Frederick Carrington's forces, advancing from Gwelo, must be employed in breaking up the large "impis" of hostile warriors and in protecting several friendly local chiefs and tribes along the route to the north-eastern territory. Fort Charter, of which we give an illustration showing its garrison in a position of defence, was menaced with attack by gathering numbers of the enemy sufficient to have closely beleaguered the place, and gradually

approaching it on different sides; but on July 1 it was relieved by the arrival of Captain Brabant, with a good supply of ammunition. On his way thither he had a sharp skirmish with a body of rebels, led by a man who was formerly in the Armed Police service at Buluwayo; seven of the enemy were killed, and their band was dispersed, without any loss on the side of the white men. Reinforcements and supplies have also been sent, in charge of Major Watts, to the force detached from Fort Salisbury to reoccupy Marandella, sixty miles south of Fort Salisbury. There was an important battle on Sunday, July 5, at Thaba Imbamba, fifty miles east of Buluwayo, where Colonel Plumer defeated a large Matabili force, capturing their camp and cattle; he lost a dozen men killed. It will be some

Dongola, but Osman Azrak is occupied in removing corn and supplies from Merka.

The health of the Anglo-Egyptian troops under the command of the Sirdar is reported to be excellent. A few cases of cholera have broken out at Wady Halfa, but not among the troops, and as all communications between the camp and the civil population of the river-side have been strictly suspended, the outbreak is not likely to spread.

SANDRINGHAM STOCK SALE.

The periodic sale of valuable stock from the herd and flock bred on the Sandringham estate of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has lately, on each successive

occasion, aroused more and more interest among breeders of cattle and sheep, and the recent sale, which took place at Wolferton on July 3 proved the most successful of the series, the competition being keener than ever, and the prices proportionately higher. The total sum realised was £4485 and some odd shillings, a result considerably in excess of any former record. Eight out of sixteen bulls were ultimately knocked down to Mr. McClelland and M. Bossio for exportation to South America, and the purchasers of the other stock included her Majesty the Queen, who bought Lively Lass for sixty guineas. A good many of the valuable Southdowns were bought for export to France. Prices throughout the sale ran high, owing to the keen nature of the competition for such important animals as the Sandringham ones are known to be. Before the sale luncheon was held in a spacious tent. The Prince of Wales presided at the table, and the Princess of Wales, Princesses Victoria and Maud, and the Duke and Duchess of York were also present.

THE QUEEN AND JUBILEE NURSES

See Supplement.

Her Majesty the Queen on July 2 held a reception at Windsor Castle of close upon four hundred nurses attached to the "Queen Victoria's Jubilee Institute." This Institute, it will be remembered, was founded as one of the memorials of the Queen's Jubilee, her Majesty graciously devoting to its philanthropic purposes £70,000 of the congratulatory offering made to her by the women of the United Kingdom. Since then the work of the Institute has become far-reaching. The large number of nurses who have been trained under its endowment within the last nine years are now employed in all parts of the kingdom. The Queen's nurses wear the customary dark blue dresses, with bonnets and cloaks to match; but they also bear a proud badge of distinction in the form of a dark blue *brassard* embroidered with the

Queen's monogram. The nurses who assembled for her

Majesty's inspection came from all parts of the United Kingdom, 284 being English, and the rest Scotch, Irish, and Welsh. The party travelled by special train to Windsor accompanied by the Rev. A. M. Peile, Master of St. Katherine's and President of the Institute, the Earl of Meath, Lord Alwynne Compton, Lady Penrhyn, Lady Lucy Hicks-Beach, and other ladies and gentlemen. Lunch was served, and the visitors were afterwards escorted over the Castle. At five o'clock the nurses were drawn up to form three sides of a square, within which the Queen was driven in an open carriage that her Majesty might inspect the nurses, who curtseyed twice as she passed along. In a brief speech her Majesty expressed to the Rev. A. M. Peile her deep interest in the work of the Institute, and her pleasure in hearing of its success in relieving the suffering poor in their own homes. After tea the visitors left for London, where they attended another reception given in their honour by the Duke of Westminster.



THE SKIPPER'S WIFE.—WILLIAM H. WEATHERHEAD.

Exhibited at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours.

months before a British military force can be made ready to finish this war, the means of transport being almost entirely destroyed.

THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA.

The unpopularity of Dervish misrule, and the consequent instability of such support as the Khalifa may have originally reckoned on commanding among the natives of the Soudan, have been amply illustrated by the great numbers of refugees who have flocked to Ferket since the Dervish defeat at that position. The Khalifa's attempts to conciliate the riverside population seem to have come too late, to judge by the rejoicings with which the dwellers around the Fourth Cataract greeted the announcement of the defeat of the Dervishes at Ferket when it was carried to them by Abdul Azim and a party of Ababdeh friendly Arabs. Searching inquiries in this district have proved that no reinforcements have as yet passed through to

PERSONAL.

Sir Hercules Robinson is raised to the peerage, which is interpreted by some to mean that he will not return to South Africa. This would be regarded by a very large party in the colony as a misfortune. Sir Hercules has worked steadily for the promotion of good feeling between the British and Dutch elements. He commands the confidence of the Cape and the Transvaal alike. His great experience as an administrator in various parts of the Empire has been supplemented by a special knowledge of the South African problems. To find a suitable successor to such a man at this crisis in the history of the colony would be no easy matter.

Mr. Gladstone's boundless versatility has never been more effectively illustrated than in his warning to young verse-makers in the *New Review*. It is curious that he winds up his article by deprecating a *tu quoque*, which is nevertheless attempted by some of his critics. "How can you advise the young not to write verse," they say to him, "when you are still translating Horace?" The retort is not pertinent, for, after all, it is Horace, not original poetry by Mr. Gladstone.

The parting gift of the British colony in Paris to Lord Dufferin is to take the form of a portrait of the Ambassador's eldest son. This will be executed by M. Benjamin Constant, who has stipulated that a portion of the sum paid for the commission shall be devoted to the fund for the families bereaved by the terrible disaster to the *Drummond Castle*. This act of good feeling is warmly appreciated in this country.

Lord Halifax is evidently much disappointed by the Pope's Encyclical. He has written a very tart letter to Cardinal Vaughan, complaining that the Cardinal's action has ruined the hopes of a better understanding between England and Rome. Why Lord Halifax should have expected the Vatican to make any concessions to the Church of England it is difficult to divine.

Some extraordinary stories have been circulated about the behaviour of the British sailors who received the Pope's blessing at the Vatican. This appears to have given great offence to some Italians, who have accused the sailors of getting "drunk with the Pope's blessing," and knocking down Roman policemen. This is a curious kind of intoxication. It is said to have been assisted by heavy potations of Roman wine, but there is a wholesome suspicion that the incident has been grossly exaggerated, chiefly by German newspapers.

At the age of ninety-five, Mr. Charles Pelham Villiers shows all the intellectual vigour of his prime. His reply to the address of congratulation from the Cobden Club is a striking defence of Free Trade as the foundation of our national prosperity.

The dispersion of the late Lord Leighton's collection and unsold works is now taking place at Christie's. The sale began last Wednesday, and will continue well into next week. On Tuesday the collection he formed of the works of other painters will come under the hammer. It includes examples by Corot, Constable, and Burne-Jones, but to many people the most interesting incidents of the auction will be the bidding for his statuary of "The Sluggard" and "Needless Alarms," and the magnificent array of pottery, china, prayer-rugs, costumes, and furniture, which the late President gathered together with so much intelligence and delight during a long life. It is to be hoped that the numberless little sketches, hardly one larger than a sheet of foolscap paper, which he made during his trips to the by-ways of Europe, will be sold separately. Many people with wide sympathies, but slender purses, would like to possess one of these little canvases as a memento of pleasant Sunday afternoons spent in the late President's studio.

A number of unimportant exhibitors at the Royal Academy will be grieved at the announcement that the soirée will not be held this year. A ticket of invitation is one of the few privileges vouchsafed to painters whose works hang upon the walls, but in view of the double blow that has fallen upon the Academy it was hardly to be expected that the soirée would be held. Sir John Millais's magnificent constitution has stood him in good stead during the terrors of his operation and convalescence, but even if he makes a good recovery it is feared that the power of speech will be quite lost to him. The little he has to say he writes upon paper; the note of these few words is always brave and hopeful.

The illness of Mr. H. M. Stanley has caused some alarm. Mr. Stanley has never quite recovered from the privations of the famous expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha; but his vigorous constitution has not, until lately, shown any signs of overstrain.

Mr. F. W. Maclean has been appointed Lord Chief Justice of Calcutta in succession to Sir W. Comer Petheram. Mr. Maclean sat in Parliament for some years, and in 1891 resigned his seat for Mid-Oxfordshire,

when he was appointed a Master in Lunacy. He starts for India in October. The Chief Justiceship of Calcutta is held for ten years.

The death of Sir John Pender, G.C.M.G., F.R.S., on July 7, was somewhat sudden, for he was lately supposed to be making slow but steady recovery from the serious

opponents. In the ordinary course they would have played their second innings immediately after the first, but Mr. Mitchell ordered his bowlers to bowl "no balls," and so gave Oxford a higher score than the usual "follow on" limit. This action was extremely unpopular, and the subsequent victory of Oxford against extraordinary odds excited great enthusiasm. Mr. Mitchell's friends contend that he had as much right to give runs to the enemy for strategic reasons as a billiard-player has to make a convenient "miss." On the other hand, it is argued that deliberate "no balls" would justify a batsman in deliberately hitting his wicket, and lead to other manoeuvres which are contrary to the spirit of the game.

MUSIC.

On Wednesday, July 1, the long-promised "Mefistofel" was at last given at Covent Garden, with only partly satisfactory results. The opera itself is extremely difficult to play well; its bizarre character and its occasional dips into the purely grotesque require artists so peculiarly gifted that with any ordinary cast you are bound to have a somewhat irregular performance. Such was the interpretation of last week. The stage-management was rather sadly to seek, and there were moments during the Witches' Sabbath when the effect, so far from being impressive, bordered upon the ludicrous. Still, Miss Macintyre made a very charming Margarita; her voice has much improved, and in the Garden Scene she was particularly delightful. M. Edouard de Reszke's Mefistofele was nobly sung and well acted. Madame Mantelli was a surprisingly intelligent Marta, and Signor Cremonini, as Faust, was indifferently good till the last act, when he suddenly contrived to prove himself capable of a greatly inspired moment.

On Thursday, July 2, "Carmen" was revived, with Zélie de Lussan in the title rôle. Her conception and interpretation of the part are so well known that they do not require detailed attention here. She sang very well and acted with unusual spirit. It is taken for granted, by the way, that her appearance in the part is conclusive proof that Calvé will not come to London this season, for reasons which lie upon the knees of the gods. It is disappointing, but Madame de Lussan is a very delightful substitute. Her Don José was Alvarez, who sang with an impulse and a passion that were little short of terrible. In the last act, both vocally and dramatically, he was intensely superb. Signor Ancona was an excellent Toreador, and Madame Eames as Michaela attained a notable triumph.

Mdlle. Alexandrine von Brunn is to be congratulated upon the success of her concert at Queen's Hall on July 6. One of the most interesting features was the début of a young cellist, Miss Campbell Taylor, a daughter of the well-known musician, Dr. James Taylor, organist to the University of Oxford. Miss Taylor displayed great ability in a beautiful cantabile air by Bach, and a papillon of vastly inferior character as music, but well suited to the 'cello, by Herr Popper. Miss Taylor played the Bach with a really wonderful singing tone, and she ought quickly to come to the front. Mdlle. von Brunn has a mezzo-soprano voice of very agreeable quality, which she produces with care and taste. Sometimes she sings in almost too restrained a fashion, but in old-world songs by Paradies and Bonocini, and in some folk-songs, she was perfectly successful.

FROM THE PICTURE SHOWS.

Among the many episodes which attended the wanderings of Ulysses none is more strongly marked by poetic feeling than the story of Nausicaa. After his seven years' dallying on the island of Calypso, Ulysses had at length managed to effect his escape, and had almost reached his own home when a sudden storm wrecked his ship, and with difficulty, and by the help of Leucothea and Athene, he swam to land. Exhausted by his efforts he fell asleep amid the myrtle groves. Nausicaa and her maidens, singing as they wandered around her father's island, came upon the weather-beaten, tempest-tossed traveller, and Nausicaa, pitying his for-

lorn condition, conveyed him to her father's house. This is the subject chosen by Mr. A. Foord Hughes for his picture, and it must be allowed that he has treated it with a full appreciation of its poetic bearings, and with a due regard for local colouring.

In "The Skipper's Wife," which is reproduced on a previous page, Mr. Weatherhead brings us back to the reality of the nineteenth century—to the daily dirge, "Men must work and women must weep." At the same time he shows us that even for such there are days of sunshine and hope; that the father and husband bravely faces the dangers of the sea in order that the creel may be filled, and the wife and children may be housed and fed. The two pictures show, in a sense, the absolute contrast between two conceptions of life and its duties, as looked at from standpoints separated by an interval of three thousand years; and it is only just to congratulate both artists upon having successfully, and without exaggeration, emphasised two wholly independent ideals.

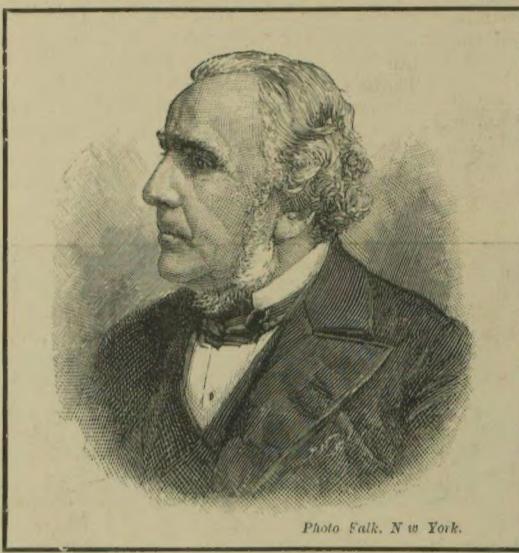


Photo Falk. N w York.

THE LATE SIR JOHN PENDER.

illness which led to his resignation of his seat for the Wick Burghs. "The Cable King," as he has been aptly called, was born of Scotch parentage eighty years ago, and in early life gained a great diversity of mercantile experience in China, India, America, and the British Colonies generally. His subsequent services to the extension of submarine telegraphy won him a well-earned fame. He was one of the original promoters of the first Atlantic cable enterprise, by the initial failures of which he was undaunted. When the financial world fought shy of the *Great Eastern* experiment Sir John Pender, confident in his own judgment, guaranteed no less than a quarter of a million towards the enterprise, which was ultimately carried through to victory. The Mediterranean, the Australian, the South African, and other cable lines were subsequently carried out under the immediate direction of his master-mind.

In the mercantile world Sir John Pender remained a well-known figure in the midst of his other distinctions, and he made an important contribution to its literature by his volume of "Statistics of the Trade of the United Kingdom with Foreign Countries from 1840." He represented Totnes in Parliament in 1865-66, and the Wick



THE MEETING OF NAUSICAA AND ULYSSES.—A FOORD HUGHES.

Exhibited in the New Gallery.

Burghs from 1872 for thirteen years, being again returned for that constituency in 1892.

Mr. Robert Cook, the "coach" of the Yale crew at Henley, has very properly repudiated the assertion of the London correspondent of a New York paper that fair play for Americans in sport is impossible in this country. The Yale men have been cordially welcomed. They failed to beat the Leander crew, but no sane person can say the race was rowed under conditions made deliberately unfair for the visitors. It is true that the defeat of Cornell last year excited a good deal of ill-feeling in America. That feeling survives among certain journalists to-day, but to say that the victory of Yale would have been very unpopular in this country is to say the thing that is not.

A lively controversy is raging in the newspapers over the strategy of Mr. Mitchell, captain of the Cambridge University eleven. In the recent match with Oxford at Lord's, Mr. Mitchell prevented a "follow on" by his

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Windsor Castle, was rejoined by her daughter, Princess Henry of Battenberg, on Saturday last, when her Royal Highness arrived from Germany. Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein is also with the Queen. The Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha visited her Majesty on Friday, and again on Sunday evening.

On Thursday, July 2, the Queen, accompanied by Princess Christian, Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne,

Honourable Artillery Company, in City Road, near Finsbury Square, and there enjoyed a frank soldierly reception offered by the assembled regiment. They were next day to visit her Majesty the Queen at Windsor Castle. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught would attend a banquet given in honour of these American visitors, and they would be invited to witness a military review at Aldershot under the Duke of Connaught's command.

A very pleasant and gracious act of her Majesty the Queen was announced on Saturday, at Bodmin, in

Sir Robert Ball, Professor Ray Lankester, and Sir H. H. Johnston were among the speakers.

The Barn Elms reservoirs of the West Middlesex Water Company, just completed, for the storage of 350,000,000 gallons, equal to a supply for twenty days, were opened last Saturday by Mr. Edmund Boulnois, M.P., chairman of that company; but the process of filling would occupy some days. There was a luncheon, with speeches, to celebrate this event.

The annual cricket match, at Lord's, between the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, ended on Saturday, the third day, with a victory for Oxford. Cambridge scored 319 in the first innings and 212 in the second, while Oxford made 202 in the first, and 330, for six wickets, in the second innings, winning the match by four wickets. Mr. G. O. Smith made 132 in his second innings. The Australians defeated the North of England at Manchester, having, up to July 8, won eleven matches and lost three, with three drawn.

Henley Regatta began on Tuesday in fine summer weather, but with one or two early morning showers, and with a great multitude of spectators on land and on the water. In the international competition for the Grand Challenge Cup the American oarsmen from Yale University were defeated by those of the Leander Rowing Club.

The Upper House of Convocation has, in consequence of the failure of the Government Education Bill, appointed a Committee of Bishops to confer with the directors and managers of the various societies concerned with religious education, and to report upon the most desirable and expedient measures to be adopted for the relief of Voluntary schools, and for placing Secondary schools upon a sounder basis.

The directors of the Chartered Company of British South Africa have resolved to issue debentures, at five per cent. interest, to the amount of £1,250,000, at the price of 97½ per £100, repayable at 105 after Aug. 1, 1897. They have been considering the question of revoking the power of attorney given to Mr. Cecil Rhodes for the management of the Company's affairs in South Africa.

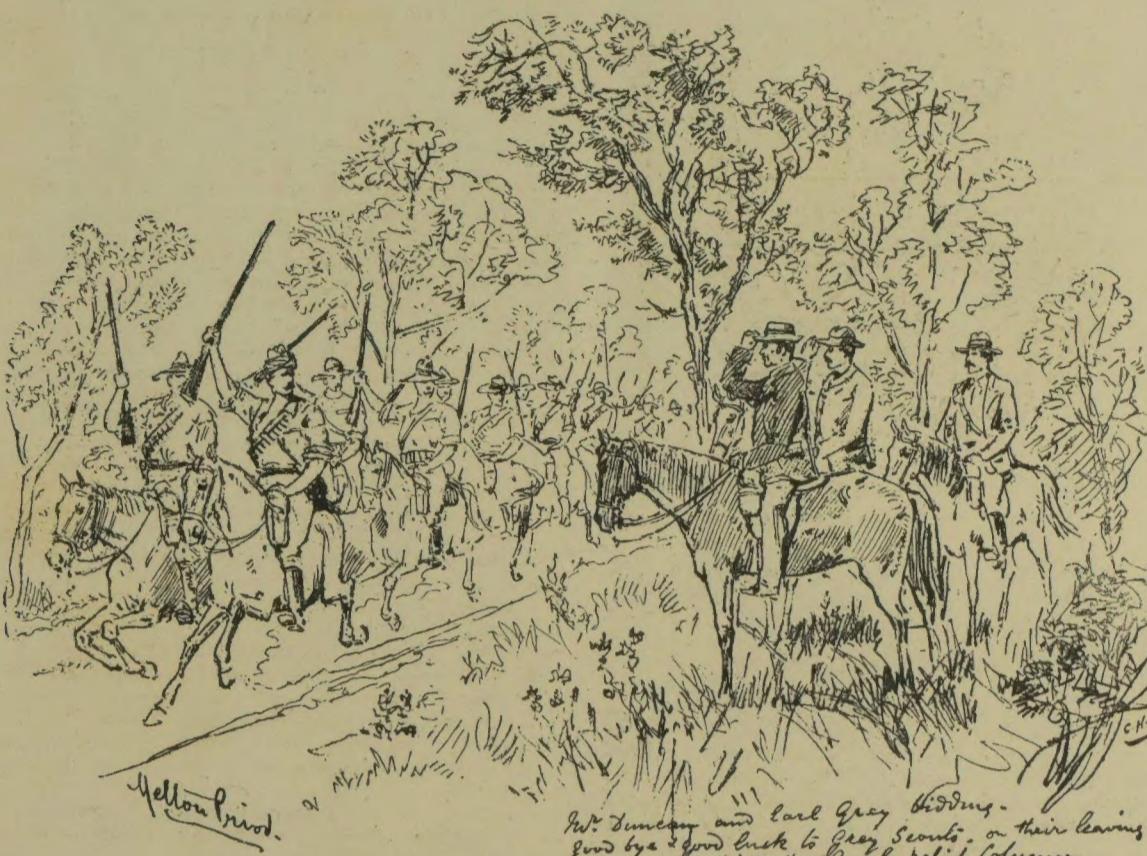
A Roman Catholic Church pilgrimage to Canterbury Cathedral, by the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, on Tuesday, was attended by nearly eight hundred people, including those who came from Margate and Ramsgate, Dover, Folkestone, Hastings, and Brighton, with numerous clergy and acolytes; they went in procession, visited the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket, celebrated some appropriate religious mysteries, and heard a sermon preached by Father Bernard Vaughan at St. Thomas's Church.

The Emperor Nicholas II. of Russia and the Empress made their entry into St. Petersburg, after their coronation at Moscow, on Saturday last, and were received by the Grand Dukes and other members of the Imperial Court, the deputies from the provincial nobility, the magistrates, and the municipal Corporation, with due ceremonial tokens of homage, while the people greeted their Majesties with hearty cheering.

Li-Hung-Chang, the eminent Chinese statesman, has visited Holland this week; he arrived at the Hague on Saturday, and was received by Queen Wilhelmina and her mother, the Queen-Regent Emma, on Monday, at the rural palace of Soestdyk, near Utrecht. He comes to London and Paris.

The President of the French Republic, on Saturday, at the Elysée Palace, invested the Papal Nuncio, Monsignore Ferrata, one of the Cardinals newly created by the Pope, with the "biretta" or cap which is the badge of a Cardinal's rank, observing all the formalities prescribed by the diplomatic Concordat, since the time of Napoleon I., between the French Government and the Papal See.

Several thousands of the Breton fishermen belonging to that part of the coast off which the isles and rocks of the Ushant group are situated, with the laborious sea



THE MATABILI AND MASHONA REVOLT.

Facsimile of a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.

with her husband, and several of the younger members of the royal family, inspected about four hundred of the Queen's Jubilee Institute nurses on the east lawn of the Castle gardens. On the same day her Majesty, assisted by the Duke of Connaught, held a private investiture of the Orders of Knighthood, which were conferred upon the Earl of Pembroke, Mr. H. H. Johnston, Colonel the Hon. W. J. Colville, Captain the Hon. D. J. Monson, and other gentlemen. Lady Millais arrived at the Castle and was presented to the Queen.

The Prince of Wales, on behalf of the Queen, held a Levée on Monday at St. James's Palace. On Friday the sale of the shorthorn cattle and South Down sheep from his herd and flock at Sandringham caused a large company to assemble at Wolferton, in Norfolk. They were entertained by the Prince and Princess of Wales, with the Duke and Duchess of York and Princesses Maud and Victoria of Wales, at luncheon under a marquee. The sale realised £4485, the animals mostly fetching very good prices; Mr. John Thornton, of Hanover Square, was the auctioneer. The Duke and Duchess of Fife have arrived at Sandringham.

It has been officially announced by the Lord Chamberlain that the marriage of Princess Maud of Wales to Prince Charles of Denmark will take place on Wednesday, July 22, in the chapel of Buckingham Palace.

A Cabinet Council of Ministers was held on Saturday at the Foreign Office.

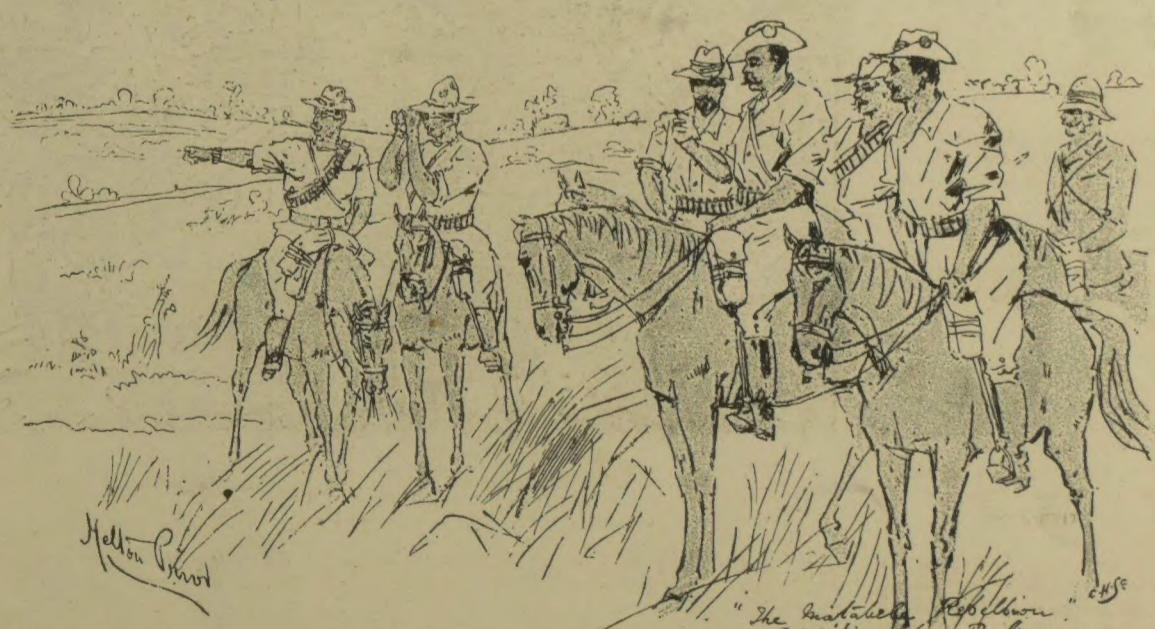
The festival of July 4, the anniversary of the United States Declaration of Independence, was celebrated by the Americans in London with a banquet at the Criterion, at which their Ambassador, the Hon. T. F. Bayard, happily expressed, as he is wont, a friendly feeling towards the kindred nation of England. His Excellency last week, at Gainsborough, attended the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of a Memorial Chapel to be erected by American and English Congregationalists, or Independents, in honour of the "Pilgrim Fathers" who emigrated in the *Mayflower* and *Speedwell* in the reign of James I. The Attorney-General, Sir Richard Webster, and the Right Hon. James Bryce, M.P., were guests at the Fourth of July banquet.

Sir Walter Besant on Saturday, at a meeting in Walworth, spoke in favour of sympathetic goodwill and kindly relations between all English-speaking communities—American, British, Canadian, Australian, South African, and New Zealand Colonials, who would, he predicted, some day form six great nations.

The arrival of 345 members of the Honourable Artillery Company of Boston, which originated, before the American Revolution of the last century, as an offshoot or branch of the ancient London Honourable Artillery Company, has also been welcomed in the light of fraternal sentiment and mutual regard between Englishmen and the citizens of the United States. The American civic militiamen, accompanied by many lady friends, landed at Liverpool from the Cunard steam-ship *Servia* on Tuesday afternoon. They were received by the Lord Mayor, the Bishop, and some Liverpool gentlemen, and by several officers of the London Honourable Artillery Company, with whom they travelled to London. On their arrival at Euston Station, about nine in the evening, they were conveyed in omnibuses to the Armoury of the

Cornwall, by Colonel Charles Knox, commanding the troops in the 32nd Regimental District. A respectable married woman, Mrs. Keveth, living at Garrow, St. Beward, in that neighbourhood, has seven sons in the Queen's military service, namely—six in the same regiment, the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, and one in the Royal Marines; her two daughters, also, are soldiers' wives. Her Majesty, having been informed of this interesting fact by Colonel Knox, has sent her own photograph, with a cheque for £10, and a kind message, to Mrs. Keveth, congratulating the mother upon "the fine example of good and honourable service to their Sovereign and country from the sons of a single Cornish home, all with exemplary characters, reflecting infinite credit on themselves and on those who have brought them up." The royal gift was presented to Mrs. Keveth by the Colonel, on the parade-ground, in presence of the regiment drawn up in review order, and the band played the National Anthem, after which the proud mother, with two of her sons, was entertained by the officers at dinner. Photographs of the young soldiers have been ordered for the Queen.

At the Royal Societies Club in St. James's Street on Saturday, a complimentary dinner was given to the newly



THE MATABILI AND MASHONA REVOLT.

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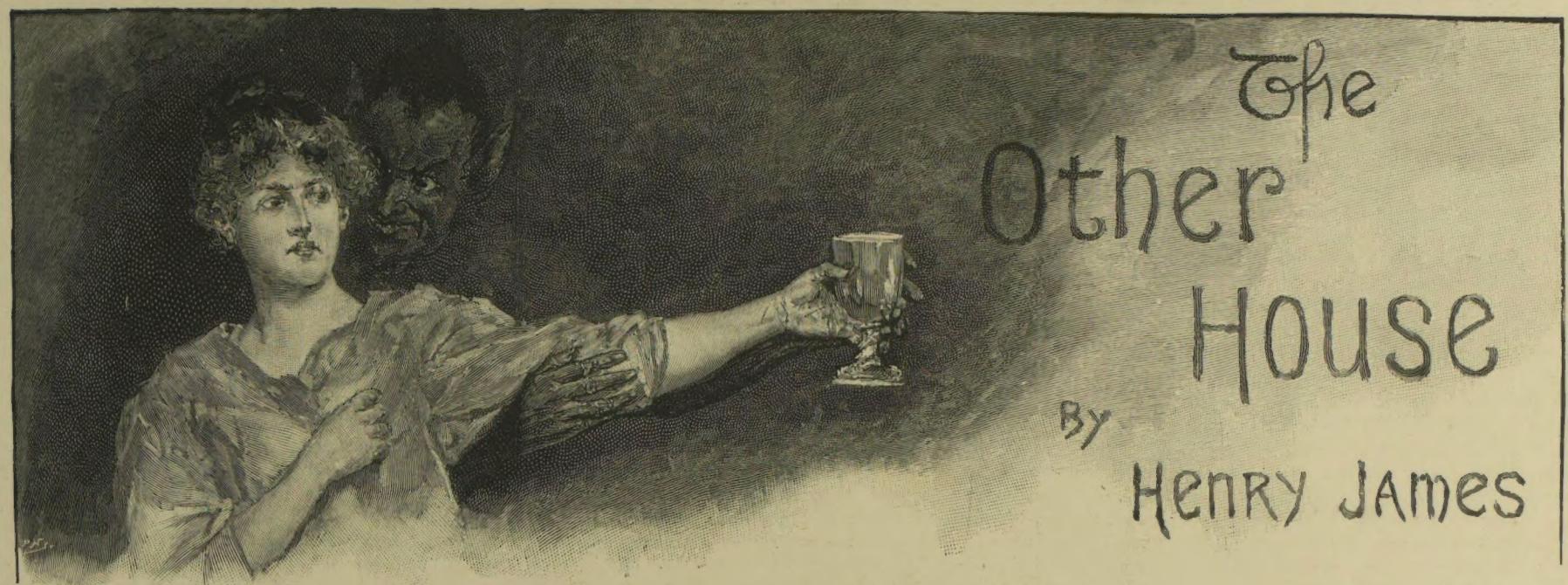
elected Fellows of the Royal Society, Dr. John Murray, the Rev. T. Stebbing, Professor Meers, and Dr. Downing; and the newly elected Members of the Royal Academy, Mr. Solomon and Mr. W. B. Richmond; also to Mr. Ernest George, Medallist of the Royal Society of British Architects; Mr. H. G. Fraser, the Senior Wrangler, and several other gentlemen who have recently won scientific distinction. The chair was occupied by Sir Clements Markham, President of the Club. The Italian Ambassador,

faring population who recently showed much Christian good feeling after the great English disaster of the wreck of the *Drummond Castle*, have been suddenly deprived of the means of earning their living—by a strike among the manufacturers of tin sardine-boxes at Douarnenez, near Brest. The owners of the fishing-smacks at Audierne have stopped sending out their boats; the boatmen are unemployed, and their families have to suffer for the quarrel of the tin-trade workmen.



THE MATABILI AND MASHONA REVOLT: COLUMN UNDER COLONEL NAPIER MARCHING, MAY 11, FROM BULUWAYO TO PUNISH REBELS AND MEET MR. CECIL RHODES AND THE SALISBURY COLUMN.

Facsimile of a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.



ILLUSTRATED BY WAL PAGET.

IV.

Left alone with the lady of Eastmead, Doctor Ramage studied his watch a little absently. "Our young friend's exceedingly nervous."

Mrs. Beever glanced in the direction in which Rose had disappeared. "Do you allude to that girl?"

"I allude to dear Mrs. Tony."

"It's equally true of Miss Armiger: she's as worried as a pea on a pan. Julia, as far as that goes," Mrs. Beever continued, "can never have been a person to hold herself together."

"Precisely—she requires to be held. Well, happily she has Tony to hold her."

"Then he's not himself in one of his states?"

Dr. Ramage hesitated. "I don't quite make him out. He seems to have fifty things at once in his head."

Mrs. Beever looked at the Doctor hard. "When does he ever not have? But I had a note from him only this morning—in the highest spirits."

Doctor Ramage's little eyes told nothing but what he wanted. "Well, whatever happens to him, he'll luckily always have *them*!"

Mrs. Beever, at this, jumped up. "Robert Ramage," she earnestly demanded, "what is to happen to that boy?"

Before he had time to reply there rang out a sudden sound which had, oddly, much of the effect of an answer and which caused them both to start. It was the near vibration, from Mrs. Bream's room, of one of the smart, loud electric bells which were for Mrs. Beever the very voice of the newness of Bounds. They waited an instant; then the Doctor said quietly: "It's for Nurse!"

"It's not for *you*?" The bell sounded again as she spoke.

"It's for Nurse," Doctor Ramage repeated, moving nevertheless to the door he had come in by. He paused again to listen, and the door, the next moment thrown open, gave passage to a tall, good-looking young man, dressed as if, with much freshness, for church and wearing a large orchid in his buttonhole. "You rang for Nurse?" the Doctor immediately said.

The young man stood looking from one of his friends to the other. "She's there—it's all right. But ah, my dear people—!" And he passed his hand, with the vivid gesture of brushing away an image, over a face of which the essential radiance was visible even through perturbation.

"How's Julia now?" Mrs. Beever asked.

"Much relieved, she tells me, at having spoken."

"Spoken of what, Tony?"

"Of everything she can think of that's inconceivable—that's damnable."

"If I hadn't known that she wanted to do exactly that," said the Doctor, "I wouldn't have given her the opportunity."

Mrs. Beever's eyes sounded her colleague of the Bank. "You're upset, my poor boy—you're in one of your great states. Something painful to you has taken place."

Tony Bream paid no attention to this remark; all his attention was for his other visitor, who stood with one hand on the door of the hall and an open watch, on which he still placidly gazed, in the other. "Ramage," the young man suddenly broke out, "are you keeping something back? Isn't she safe?"

The good Doctor's small, neat face seemed to grow more smoothly globular. "The dear lady is convinced; you mean, that her very last hour is at hand?"

"So much so," Tony replied, "that if she got you and Nurse away, if she made me kneel down by her bed and take her two hands in mine, what do you suppose it was to say to me?"

Doctor Ramage beamed. "Why, of course, that she's going to perish in her flower. I've been through it so often!" he said to Mrs. Beever.

"Before, but not after," that lady lucidly rejoined. "She has had her chance of perishing, but now it's too late."

"Doctor," said Tony Bream, "is my wife going to die?"

His friend hesitated a moment. "When a lady's only

symptom of that tendency is the charming volubility with which she dilates upon it, that's very well as far as it goes. But it's not quite enough."

"She says she *knows* it," Tony returned. "But you surely know more than she, don't you?"



"We mustn't curse our relations before the doctor," said the girl, soothingly.

"I know everything that can be known. I know that when, in certain conditions, pretty young mothers have acquitted themselves of that inevitable declaration, they turn over and go comfortably to sleep."

"That's exactly," said Tony, "what Nurse must make her do."

"It's exactly what she's doing." Doctor Ramage had no sooner spoken than Mrs. Bream's bell sounded for the third time. "Excuse me!" he imperturbably added. "Nurse calls me."

"And doesn't she call me?" cried Tony.

"Not in the least." The Doctor raised his hand with instant authority. "Stay where you are!" With this he went off to his patient.

If Mrs. Beever often produced, with promptitude, her theory that the young banker was subject to "states," this habit, of which he was admirably tolerant, was erected on the sense of something in him of which even a passing observer might have caught a glimpse. A woman of still more wit than Mrs. Beever, whom he had met on the threshold of life, once explained some accident to him by the words: "The reason is, you know, that you're so exaggerated." This had not been a manner of saying that he was inclined to overshoot the truth; it had been an attempt to express a certain quality of passive excess which was the note of the whole man, and which, for an attentive eye, began with his neckties and ended with his intonations. To look at him was immediately to see that he was a collection of gifts, which presented themselves as such precisely by having in each case slightly overflowed the measure. He could do things—this was all he knew about them; and he was ready-made, as it were—he had not had to put himself together. His dress was just too fine, his colour just too high, his moustache just too long, his voice just too loud, his smile just too gay. His movement, his manner, his tone were respectively just too free, too easy and too familiar; his being a very handsome, happy, clever, active, ambitiously local young man was in short just too obvious. But the result of it all was a presence that was in itself a close contact, the air of immediate, unconscious, unstinted life and of his doing what he liked and liking to please. One of his "states," for Mrs. Beever, was the state of his being a boy again, and the sign of it was his talking nonsense. It was not an example of that tendency, but she noted it almost as if it were, that almost as soon as the Doctor had left them he asked her if she had not brought over that awfully pretty girl.

"She has been here, but I sent her home again." Then his visitor added: "Does she strike you as awfully pretty?"

"As pretty as a pretty song! I took a tremendous notion to her."

"She's only a child—for mercy's sake don't show your notion too much!" Mrs. Beever ejaculated.

Tony Bream gave his bright stare; after which, with his still brighter alacrity, "I see what you mean: of course I won't!" he declared. Then, as if candidly and conscientiously wondering: "Is it showing it too much to hope she'll come back to luncheon?"

"Decidedly—if Julia's so down."

"That's only too much for Julia—not for her," Tony said with his nervous smile. "But Julia knows about her, hopes she's coming and wants everything to be natural and pleasant." He passed his hand over his eyes again, and as if at the same time recognising that his tone required explanation, "It's just because Julia's so down, don't you see?" he subjoined. "A fellow can't stand it."

Mrs. Beever spoke after a pause during which her companion roamed rather jerkily about. "It's a mere accidental fluctuation. You may trust Ramage to know."

"Yes, thank God, I may trust Ramage to know!" He had the accent of a man constitutionally accessible to suggestion, and could turn the next instant to a quarter more cheering. "Do you happen to know what has become of Rose?"

Again Mrs. Beever, making a fresh observation, waited a little before answering. "Do you now call her 'Rose'?"

"Dear, yes—talking with Julia. And with her," he went on as if he couldn't quite remember—"do I too? Yes," he recollects, "I think I must."

"What one must one must," said Mrs. Beever dryly. "Rose, then, has gone over to the chemist's for the Doctor."

"How jolly of her!" Tony exclaimed. "She's a tremendous comfort."

Mrs. Beever committed herself to no opinion on this point, but it was doubtless on account of the continuity of the question that she presently asked: "Who's this person who's coming to-day to marry her?"

"A very good fellow, I believe—and 'rising': a clerk in some Eastern house."

"And why hasn't he come sooner?"

"Because he has been at Hong-Kong, or some such place, trying hard to pick up an income. He's 'poor but pushing,' she says. They've no means—but her own two hundred."

"Two hundred a year? That's quite enough for them!" Mrs. Beever opined.

"Then you had better tell him so!" laughed Tony.

"I hope you'll back me up!" she returned; after which, before he had time to speak, she broke out with irrelevance: "How is it she knows what Julia wanted to say to you?"

Tony, surprised, looked vague. "Just now? Does she know?—I haven't the least idea." Rose appeared at this moment behind the glass doors of the vestibule, and he added, "Here she is."

"Then you can ask her."

"Easily," said Tony. But when the girl came in he greeted her only with a lively word of thanks for the service she had just rendered; so that the lady of Eastmead, after waiting a minute, took the line of assuming, with a certain visible rigour, that he might have a reason for making his inquiry without an auditor. Taking temporary leave of him, she mentioned the visitors at home whom she must not forget. "Then you won't come back?" he asked.

"Yes, in an hour or two."

"And bring Miss What's-her-name?"

As Mrs. Beever failed to respond to this, Rose Armiger added her voice. "Yes—do bring Miss What's-her-name." Mrs. Beever, without assenting, reached the door, which Tony had opened for her. Here she paused long enough to be overtaken by the rest of the girl's appeal. "I delight so in her clothes."

"I delight so in her hair!" Tony laughed.

Mrs. Beever looked from one of them to the other. "Don't you think you've delight enough with what your situation here already offers?" She departed with the private determination to return unaccompanied.

V.

Three minutes later Tony Bream put his question to his other visitor. "Is it true that you know what Julia a while ago had the room cleared in order to say to me?"

Rose hesitated. "Mrs. Beever repeated to you that I told her so?—Yes, then; I probably do know." She waited again a little. "The poor darling announced to you her conviction that she's dying." Then at the face with which he greeted her exactitude: "I haven't needed to be a monster of cunning to guess!" she exclaimed.

He had perceptibly paled: it made a difference, a kind of importance for that absurdity that it was already in other ears. "She has said the same to you?"

Rose gave a pitying smile. "She has done me that honour."

"Do you mean to-day?"

"To-day—and once before."

Tony looked simple in his wonder. "Yesterday?"

Rose hesitated again. "No; before your child was born. Soon after I came."

"She had made up her mind then from the first?"

"Yes," said Rose, with the serenity of superior sense; "she had laid out for herself that pleasant little prospect. She called it a presentiment, a fixed idea."

Tony took this in with a frown. "And you never spoke of it?"

"To you? Why in the world should I—when she herself didn't? I took it perfectly for what it was—an inevitable but unimportant result of the nervous depression produced by her stepmother's visit."

Tony had fidgetted away with his hands in the pockets of his trousers. "Damn her stepmother's visit!"

"That's exactly what I did!" Rose laughed.

"Damn her stepmother too!" the young man angrily pursued.

"Hush!" said the girl, soothingly: "we mustn't curse our relations before the Doctor!" Doctor Ramage had come back from his patient, and she mentioned to him that the medicine for which she had gone out would immediately be delivered.

"Many thanks," he replied: "I'll pick it up myself. I must run out—to another case." Then with a friendly hand to Tony and a nod at the room he had quitted: "Things are quiet."

Tony, gratefully grasping his hand, detained him by it. "And what was that loud ring that called you?"

"A stupid flurry of Nurse. I was ashamed of her."

"Then why did you stay so long?"

"To have it out with your wife. She wants you again."

Tony eagerly dropped his hand. "Then I go!"

The Doctor raised his liberated member. "In a quarter of an hour—not before. I'm most reluctant, but I allow her five minutes."

"It may make her easier afterwards," Rose observed.

"That's precisely the ground of my giving in. Take care, you know; Nurse will time you," Doctor Ramage said to Tony.

"So many thanks. And you'll come back?"

"The moment I'm free."

When he had gone Tony stood there sombre. "She wants to say it again—that's what she wants."

"Well," Rose answered, "the more she says it, the less it's true. It's not she who decides it."

"No," Tony brooded; "it's not she. But it's not you and I either," he soon went on.

"It's not even the Doctor," Rose remarked with her conscious irony.

Her companion rested his troubled eyes on her. "And yet he's as worried as if it were." She protested against

this imputation with a word to which he paid no heed. "If anything should happen"—and his eyes seemed to go as far as his thought—"what on earth would become of me?"

The girl looked down, very grave. "Men have borne such things."

"Very badly—the real ones." He seemed to lose himself in the effort to embrace the worst, to think it out. "What should I do? where should I turn?"

She was silent a little. "You ask me too much!" she helplessly sighed.

"Don't say that," replied Tony, "at a moment when I know so little if I mayn't have to ask you still more!" This exclamation made her meet his eyes with a turn of her own that might have struck him had he not been following another train. "To you I can say it, Rose—she's inexpressibly dear to me."

She showed him a face intensely receptive. "It's for your affection for her that I've really given you mine." Then she shook her head—seemed to shake out, like the overflow of a cup, her generous smile. "But be easy. We sha'n't have loved her so much only to lose her."

"I'll be hanged if we shall!" Tony responded. "And such talk's a vile false note in the midst of a joy like yours."

"Like mine?" Rose exhibited some vagueness.

Her companion was already accessible to the amusement of it. "I hope that's not the way you mean to look at Mr. Vidal!"

"Ah, Mr. Vidal!" she ambiguously murmured.

"Sha'n't you then be glad to see him?"

"Intensely glad. But how shall I say it?" She thought a moment and then went on as if she found the answer to her question in Tony's exceptional intelligence and their comfortable intimacy. "There's gladness and gladness. It isn't love's young dream; it's rather an old and rather a sad story. We've worried and waited—we've been acquainted with grief. We've come together a weary way."

"I know you've had a horrid grind. But isn't this the end of it?"

Rose hesitated. "That's just what he's to settle."

"Happily, I see! Just look at him."

The glass doors, as Tony spoke, had been thrown open by the butler. The young man from China was there—a short, meagre young man, with a smooth face and a dark blue double-breasted jacket. "Mr. Vidal!" the butler announced, withdrawing again while the visitor, whose entrance had been rapid, suddenly and shyly faltered at the sight of his host. His pause, however, lasted but just long enough to enable Rose to bridge it over with the frankest maidenly grace; and Tony's quick sense of being out of place at this reunion was not a bar to the impression of her charming, instant action, her soft "Dennis, Dennis!" her light, fluttered arms, her tenderly bent head and the short, bright stillness of her clasp of her lover. Tony shone down at them with the pleasure of having helped them, and the warmth of it was in his immediate grasp of the traveller's hand. He cut short his embarrassed thanks—he was too delighted; and leaving him with the remark that he would presently come back to show him his room, he went off again to poor Julia.

VI.

Dennis Vidal, when the door had closed on his host, drew again to his breast the girl to whom he was plighted, and pressed her there with silent joy. She softly submitted, then still more softly disengaged herself, though in his flushed firmness he but partly released her. The light of admiration was in his hard young face—a visible tribute to what she showed again his disaccustomed eyes. Holding her yet, he covered her with a smile that produced two strong but relenting lines on either side of his dry, thin lips. "My own dearest," he murmured, "you're still more so than one remembered!"

She opened her clear eyes wider. "Still more what?"

"Still more of a fright!" And he kissed her again.

"It's you that are wonderful, Dennis," she said: "you look so absurdly young."

He felt with his lean, fine, brown hand his spare, clean, brown chin. "If I looked as old as I feel, dear girl, they'd have my portrait in the illustrated papers."

He had now drawn her down upon the nearest sofa, and while he sat sideways, grasping the wrist of which he remained in possession after she had liberated her fingers, she leaned back and took him in with a deep air of her own. "And yet it's not that you're exactly childish—or so extraordinarily fresh," she went on as if to puzzle out, for her satisfaction, her impression of him.

"Fresh," my dear girl!" He gave a little happy jeer; then he raised her wrist to his mouth and held it there as long as she would let him, looking at her hard. "That's the freshest thing I've ever been conscious of!" he exclaimed as she drew away her hand and folded her arms.

"You're worn, but you're not wasted," she brought out in her kind but considering way. "You're awfully well, you know."

"Yes, I'm awfully well, I know"—he spoke with just the faintest ring of impatience. Then he added: "Your voice, all the while, has been in my ears. But there's something you put into it that they—out there, stupid

things!—couldn't. Don't 'size me up' so," he continued, smiling; "you make me nervous about what I may seem to come to!"

They had both shown shyness, but Rose's was already gone. She kept her inclined position and her folded arms; supported by the back of the sofa, her head preserved, toward the side on which he sat, its charming contemplative turn. "I'm only thinking," she said, "that you look young just as a steel instrument of the best quality, no matter how much it's handled, often looks new."

"Ah, if you mean I'm kept bright by use—!" the young man laughed.

"You're polished by life."

"Polished" is delightful of you!"

"I'm not sure you've come back handsomer than you went," said Rose, "and I don't know if you've come back richer."

"Then let me immediately tell you I have!" Vidal broke in.

She received the announcement, for a minute, in silence: a good deal more passed between this pair than they uttered. "What I was going to say," she then quietly resumed, "is that I'm awfully pleased with myself when I see that at any rate you're—what shall I call you?—a made man."

Vidal frowned a little through his happiness. "With 'yourself'? Aren't you a little pleased with *me*?"

She hesitated. "With myself first, because I was sure of you first."

"Do you mean before I was of *you*?—I'm somehow not sure of *you* yet!" the young man declared.

Rose coloured slightly; but she gaily laughed. "Then I'm ahead of you in everything!"

Leaning toward her with all his intensified need of her and holding, by his extended arm, the top of the sofa-back, he worried with his other hand a piece of her dress, which he had begun to finger for want of something more responsive. "You're as far beyond me still as all the distance I've come." He had dropped his eyes upon the crumple he made in her frock, and her own during that moment, from her superior height, descended upon him with a kind of unseen appeal. When he looked up again it was gone. "What do you mean by a 'made' man?" he asked.

"Oh, not the usual thing, but the *real* thing. A man one needn't worry about."

"Thank you! The man not worried about is the man who muffs it."

"That's a horrid selfish speech," said Rose Armiger. "You don't deserve I should tell you what a success I now feel that you'll be."

"Well, darling," Vidal answered, "that matters the less as I know exactly the occasion on which I shall fully feel it for myself."

Rose manifested no further sense of this occasion than to go straight on with her idea. She placed her arm with frank friendship on his shoulder. It drew him closer, and he recovered his grasp of her free hand. With his want of stature and presence, his upward look at her, his small, smooth head, his seasoned sallowness and simple eyes, he might at this instant have struck a spectator as a figure actually younger and slighter than the ample, accomplished girl whose gesture protected and even a little patronised him. But in her vision of him she none the less clearly found full warrant for saying, instead of something he expected, something she wished and had her reasons for wishing, even if they represented but the gain of a minute's time. "You're not splendid, my dear old Dennis—you're not dazzling, nor dangerous, nor even exactly distinguished. But you've a quiet little something that the tiresome time has made perfect, and that—just here where you've come to me at last—makes me immensely proud of you!"

She had, with this, so far again surrendered herself that he could show her in the ways he preferred how such a declaration touched him. The place in which he had come to her at last was of a nature to cause him to look about at it, just as to begin to inquire was to learn from her that he had dropped upon a crisis. He had seen Mrs. Bream, under Rose's wing, in her maiden days; but in his eagerness to jump at a meeting with the only woman really important to him he had perhaps intruded more than he supposed. Though he expressed again the liveliest sense of the kindness of these good people, he was unable to conceal his disappointment at finding their inmate agitated

also by something quite distinct from the joy of his arrival. "Do you really think the poor lady will spoil our fun?" he rather resentfully put it to her.

"It will depend on what our fun may demand of her," said Rose. "If you ask me if she's in danger, I think not quite that: in such a case I must certainly have put you off. I daresay to-day will show the contrary. But she's so much to me—you know *how* much—that I'm uneasy, quickly upset; and if I seem to you flustered and not myself and not *with* you, I beg you to attribute it simply to the situation in the house."

About this situation they had each more to say, and about many matters besides, for they faced each other over the deep waters of the accumulated and the undiscussed. They could keep no order, and for five minutes more they rather helplessly played with the flood. Dennis was rueful at first, for what he seemed to have lighted upon was but half his opportunity; then he had an inspiration which made him say to his companion that they should both, after all, be able to make terms with any awkwardness by simply meeting it with a consciousness that their happiness had already taken form.

"Our happiness?" Rose was all interest.

"Why, the end of our delays."

She smiled with every allowance. "Do you mean we're to go out and be married this minute?"

"Well—almost: as soon as I've read you a letter." He produced, with the words, his pocket-book.

"Very good. He's very well; he's all right."

Tony's flushed face gave to the laugh with which he greeted this almost the effect of that of a man who had been drinking. "Do you mean he's quite faithful?"

Rose always met a bold joke. "As faithful as I! But your news is the thing."

"Mine?" He closed his eyes a moment, but stood there scratching his head as if to carry off with a touch of comedy his betrayal of emotion.

"Has Julia repeated her declaration?"

Tony looked at her in silence. "She has done something more extraordinary than that," he replied at last.

"What has she done?"

Tony glanced round him, then dropped into a chair. He covered his face with his hands. "I must get over it a little before I tell you!"

(To be continued.)

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Church papers are wavering on the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill. They admit that the very reasonableness of Lord Dunraven's action puts Churchmen in a position of some difficulty. They can never hope to get a Bill in which the rights of the Church will be more carefully safeguarded. It follows that if there is any reasonable hope of averting the proposed change in the State law, they will go on fighting it to the best of their ability. If they have no such hope, they cannot be blamed for preferring a better Bill to a worse. This is the beginning, and more than the beginning, of the end.

The advocates of reunion with Rome profess to be neither surprised nor discouraged by the Encyclical *de unitate*. They say that they have never imagined that the wounds of the Church can be healed in about as many months as they have existed centuries, or that differences so profound and of such long standing as those which separate the East from the West, can be removed in a moment, or that the barriers which keep England and Rome apart will fall, like the walls of Jericho, at the first blast of the trumpet.

Churchmen are still seriously discouraged by the failure of the Education Bill. They are considering what demands they should put forward when the campaign reopens in the autumn. It is suggested that they should ask for (1) payment by the State, from whatever source it likes, of the whole cost of elementary secular education; (2) permission to open new denominational schools wherever there are children ready to come into them. The *Guardian* says: "Nothing will be gained by going over the details of the Education Bill of 1896. It is pretty safe to say that this Bill will not reappear. We shall hear no more of devolution, or of new educational authorities, or of Clause 27. Ministers have burnt their fingers handsomely over its provisions, and we do not think they will be in any

hurry to touch them again. They were nearly as distasteful to many of their own followers as to the Opposition, and even the clergy were very far from accepting them with any approach to agreement."

A funeral sermon preached in Rugby School Chapel by the Rev. W. H. Payne Smith on the death of Mrs. Percival has been published at the request of the Sixth. Mr. Smith sums up thus: "All who knew her, knew not only the genial kindness of her warm heart and the wide hospitality which she delighted to exercise; they knew, too, her enthusiasm for right, her abhorrence of evil; they knew how she loved anything that added to the fair name of Rugby, how she mourned over anything that soiled it; they knew the zeal with which she worked in many a good cause, the loving-kindness with which she held out a helping hand to the weak and suffering."

The St. Asaph Lectures of 1896 were delivered by Canon Mason. The subject was "The Principles of Ecclesiastical Unity," and the lectures were greatly appreciated, much interest being roused among the Roman Catholic community of the city.

The library of Professor Dillman, of Berlin, has been bought for the Johns Hopkins University in America. It comprises 2300 bound volumes, and as many pamphlets, many of them rare and valuable. This is a most important gift. Professor Dillman was one of the greatest Hebraists in the world—perhaps of the three first, to say no more.

Recent political and ecclesiastical events have shown that the laity of the Church of England are not entirely in accord with the clergy. An incident which has taken place in Ipswich is significant. The parishioners of St. Nicholas in that town have the privilege of electing their vicar by popular vote. To fill a recent vacancy, three candidates went to the poll—the Rev. Dr. H. O. Davies, a High Churchman, the Rev. H. Biddell, of the Broad Church section, and the Rev. S. Green, an Evangelical. Mr. Green headed the poll with 255 votes, Mr. Biddell coming next with 93, and Mr. Davies following with 64.



"I'm only thinking," she said, "that you look young just as a steel instrument of the best quality, no matter how much it's handled, often looks new."

She watched him an instant turn over its contents. "What letter?"

"The best one I ever got. What have I done with it?" On his feet before her, he continued his search.

"From your people?"

"From my people. It met me in town, and it makes everything possible."

She waited while he fumbled in his pockets; with her hands clasped in her lap she sat looking up at him. "Then it's certainly a thing for me to hear."

"But what the dickens have I done with it?" Staring at her, embarrassed, he clapped his hands, on coat and waistcoat, to other receptacles; at the end of a moment of which he had become aware of the proximity of the noiseless butler, upright in the high detachment of the irreproachable servant who has embraced the conception of unpacking.

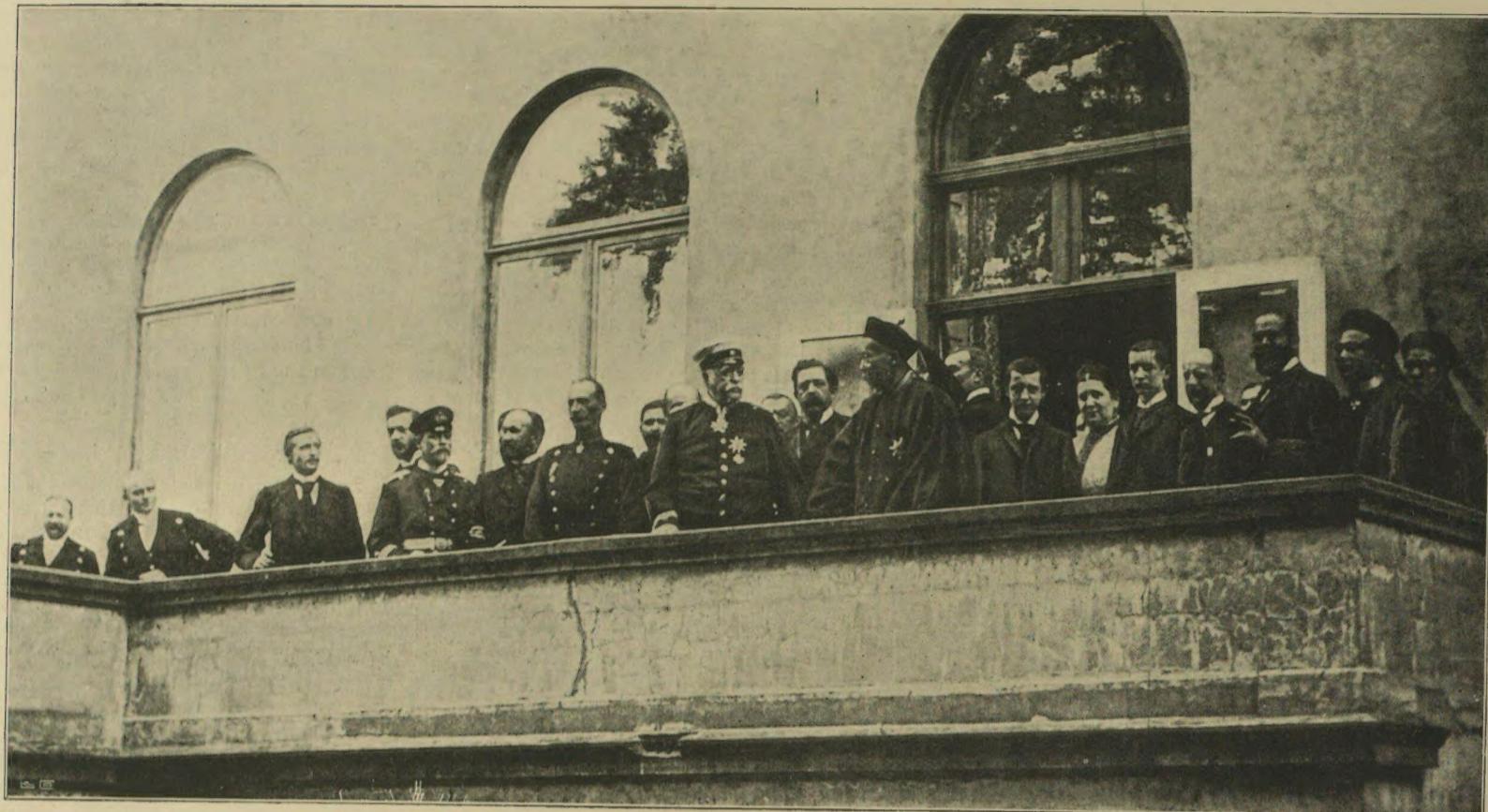
"Might I ask you for your keys, sir?"

Dennis Vidal had a light—he smote his forehead. "Stupid—it's in my portmanteau!"

"Then go and get it!" said Rose, who perceived as she spoke, by the door that faced her, that Tony Bream was rejoining them. She got up, and Tony, agitated, as she could see, but with complete command of his manners, immediately and sociably said to Dennis that he was ready to guide him upstairs. Rose, at this, interposed. "Do let Walker take him—I want to speak to you."

Tony smiled at the young man. "Will you excuse me then?" Dennis protested against the trouble he was giving, and Walker led him away. Rose meanwhile waited not only till they were out of sight and of earshot, but till the return of Tony, who, his hand on Vidal's shoulder, had gone with them as far as the door.

"Has he brought you good news?" said the master of Bounds.



LI-HUNG-CHANG IN GERMANY: VISIT TO PRINCE BISMARCK AT FRIEDRICHSRUHE.

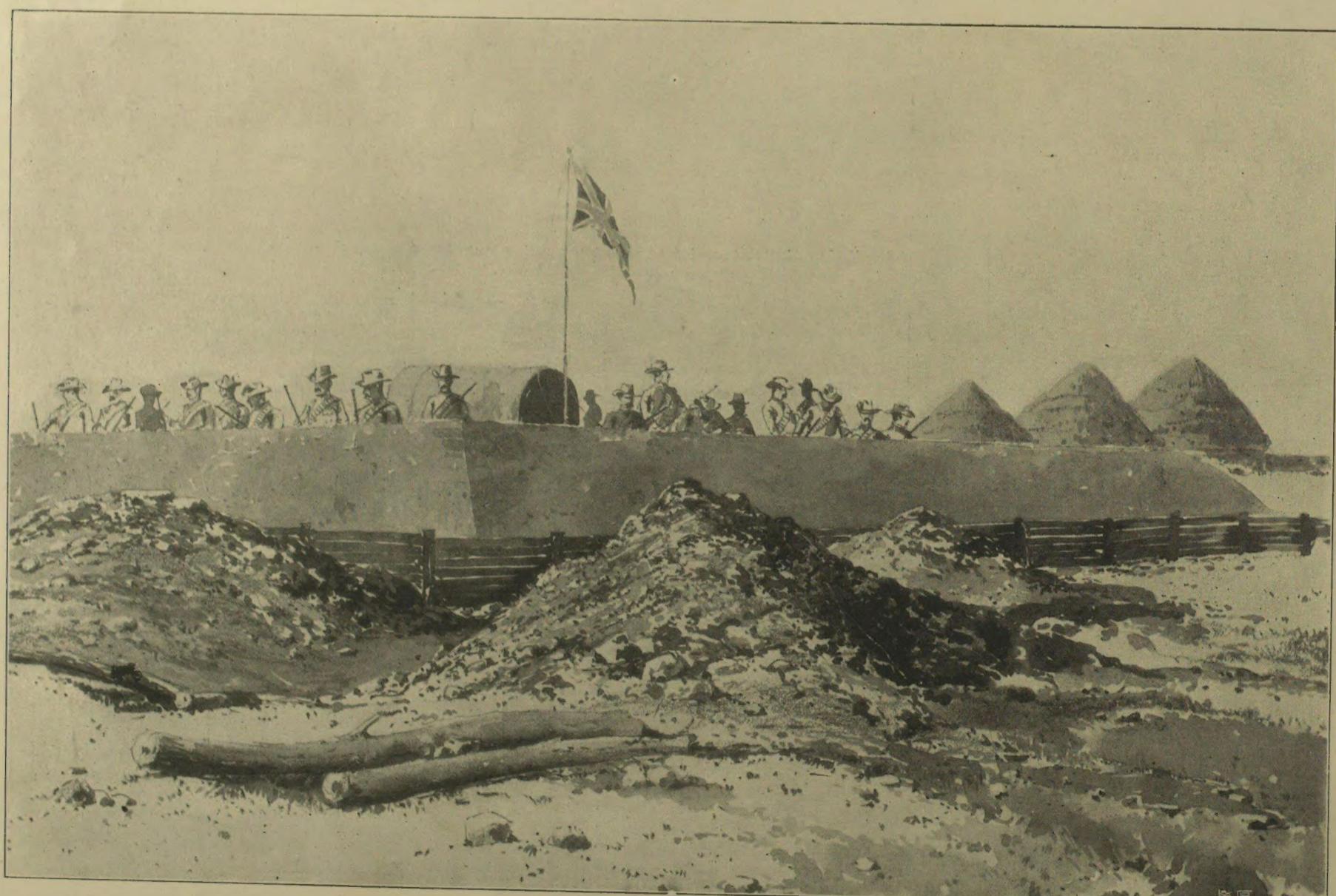
Photo by the Neue Photographische Gesellschaft, Berlin.

LI-HUNG-CHANG IN GERMANY.

The visit of the veteran Chinese statesman Li-Hung-Chang to Germany has been celebrated with an enthusiasm and a magnificence not unworthy of the entertainment of royalty itself. It has, therefore, been inevitable that a somewhat exaggerated idea of the political significance of the Chinese Viceroy's visit should have been conjured up in the popular mind, but the concluding incidents of his German tour have done much to allay any too extravagant expectations as to the nature of its results. At a banquet given in Li-Hung-Chang's honour by the Cologne Chamber of Commerce,

Herr Detring, in returning thanks on the Viceroy's behalf for the generous reception vouchsafed to him, definitely expressed his Excellency's hope that no unjustified expectations would be aroused by his visit, the object of which was the promotion of a more friendly understanding between Germany and China, and the acquirement by the Chinese Government of a more detailed knowledge of modern German industries. German hospitality has certainly given the Chinese statesman every opportunity for the furtherance of these objects. The many banquets given in his honour have been cordial in the extreme, and he seems to have been much impressed by the great centres of German ship-building and ammunition-manufacture which he

inspected. Perhaps the most interesting incident in the Chinese Viceroy's stay in Germany was his visit to Prince Bismarck at Friedrichsruhe, of which we give an Illustration. His Excellency arrived at the château an hour after noon, and was received by Count Herbert Bismarck and Count Rahtzau, who were introduced to the members of his suite. The two veteran statesmen subsequently conversed for some two hours, evidently finding many topics of mutual interest. When the time came for the Chinese Envoy's departure, Prince Bismarck, who wore his cuirassier uniform, conducted his distinguished guest to his carriage, and the two great statesmen parted with much hearty hand-shaking.



THE MATABILI AND MASHONA REVOLT: FORT CHARTER, THREATENED BY THE REBELS, BUT RELIEVED BY CAPTAIN BRABANT AND HIS FORCE JULY 1.

1



2



3



1. Arrival of H.R.H. the Princess of Wales. 2. The Royal Tent. 3. Guests Returning to Sandringham.

SALE OF THE SANDRINGHAM HERD AND FLOCK, JULY 3.

THE LATE

MRS. BEECHER STOWE.

"Every noble life," says Ruskin, "leaves the fibre of it interwoven for ever in the work of the world." In the nineteenth century the roll of fame has had emblazoned on it many names of heroes and heroines; not least noble among the throng is the name of Harriet Beecher Stowe, who passed away on July 1, after a brief illness, in her eighty-fifth year. To have written "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and thereby loosened the chains of slavery, will probably be more highly esteemed by future generations than the works of many men and women of light and leading in this age. She obeyed Goethe's call: "Make good thy standing ground, and move the world," and with voice and pen achieved a victory of peace no less renowned than war.

In the town of Litchfield, Connecticut, Harriet Elizabeth Beecher was born on June 14, 1811. Her father, the Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher, was a scholarly Calvinistic minister. After her mother's death, when Harriet was about four years old, Dr. Beecher married a second wife, and "never did stepmother make a prettier or sweeter impression." Harriet was educated at the town academy, where she quickly benefited by the helpful teaching of Mr. John Braco. Her uncle, Mr. Samuel Foote, also influenced her youthful mind considerably. He was a sea captain, and his visits introduced Harriet to the romance of Spain, the fascination of Africa—then decidedly *terra incognita*—or the interest of South America. The rising star of Walter Scott was watched with keen delight by her, and another star—Byron—for many years shone on her growing intelligence. Her father one day exclaimed, "Byron is dead—gone," and Harriet says, "I remember taking my basket for strawberries that afternoon, and going over to a field on Chestnut Hill. But I was too dispirited to do anything; so I lay down among the daisies, and looked up into the blue sky, and thought of that great eternity into which Byron had entered, and wondered how it might be with his soul." She went to Hartford, Connecticut, in 1824, as a scholar at the Female Seminary established by her older sister, Catherine. Here she remained after commencing a drama entitled "Candida" for Butler's "Analogy" and Baxter's "Christianity." Of the latter she said, "I do not think any one more powerfully. As I walked the pavement that they might sink beneath me if only I myself in heaven."

Her father remained as the pastor of Hanover Street Church, Boston, for six years, and then, with his wife and children, he migrated to Cincinnati and became President of Lane Theological Seminary. The very change of landscape and friends awoke in Harriet a capacity for bright descriptive writing, as evidenced by her amusing correspondence at this period. Her brother's habit of distributing tracts on route she calls "peppering the land with moral influence"; she finds "a loud call to consider the heels of George's stockings." Decidedly she was right in remarking: "How coming away from New England has sentimentalised us all!" But sentiment did not take the place of hard work, for very soon after their settlement in Cincinnati, she and her sister Catherine established the Western Female Institute. A modest reference to "my poor little Geography" leads us to the fact that Harriet had compiled this—her first real literary effort—in 1832. It was published in the following year. In the school she made herself a favourite with the pupils by her never-failing ability to tell fairy stories. She was successful in winning fifty dollars for a short story entitled "Uncle Lot," which appeared in the *Western Monthly*, and her interest in literature was increased by joining the "Semicolon Club." This was one of those peculiarly American social gatherings which met weekly, and at which often the members read their own compositions.

The great subject connected with her life-work was introduced to her notice in 1833, when Harriet Beecher visited an estate in Kentucky on which many slaves were working. Her mind was a retentive camera of the sights she witnessed, which were afterwards to thrill the world. One of her most intimate friends had been the wife of Professor Calvin E. Stowe, and on her death Harriet Beecher's sympathies were drawn to the childless widower. She was married to Professor Stowe on Jan. 6, 1836. After some weeks spent in travelling he set sail for London to inquire into European educational work. In Professor Stowe's absence his wife resided with her father and brother, making occasional excursions into journalism. The slave question was beginning to loom like a shadow, and Mrs. Stowe was soon busy writing in the "Journal" edited by her brother, Henry Ward Beecher.

In September 1836 her twin children, Eliza and Isabella, were born, and for a time Mrs. Stowe's literary interests were suspended. They were awoken in 1839 by the arrival



HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

of a coloured Kentucky girl as servant in the Stowe household. Efforts were made to recover the girl, although by the law of the State she was free, and eventually she was taken into a part of the country unsuspected by her pursuers. This was the basis of the account Mrs. Stowe gave afterwards of the slaves' escape in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

The Fugitive Slave Act led to the perpetration of many dark deeds, and from the sympathetic pen of her sister-in-law Mrs. Stowe learned of fearful incidents connected with the enforcement of the law. In one of the letters from Mrs. Edward Beecher occurred a sentence which ran as follows: "Now, Hattie, if I could use a pen as you can, I would write something that would make this whole nation feel what an accursed thing slavery is." This was the

Uncle Tom

The cabin of Uncle Tom was a small log building close adjoining to the house - as the negro always poor especially designates the master dwelling - In front it had a neat garden plot where strawberries raspberries & a variety of fruit flourished under careful tending - down the whole front of the dwelling was covered with a large big ^{Salal} nonia & a native multiflora rose which entwining & interlacing left scarce a vestige of the building to be seen & in the ~~giving~~ was abundant with the clusters of roses & in summer we had pleasure with the sweetest odors of the blossoms. Various ~~and~~ brilliant annuals such as marigolds four o'clocks & petunias found here and there a shelter corner to vegetate unfelt their flowers & were the delight & pride of aunt Chloe's heart.

Let us enter the dwelling — The cooking meal at "the house" is over & Aunt Chloe who presides over its preparation as head cook has left to super off on in the kitchen the business of clearing away & washing dishes & come out into her own snug dwelling to "get the old man's supper" & therefore doubt not that it is here you see by the fire place preceding with anxious interest

FACSIMILE OF THE MS. OF "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."

spark which kindled the great flame in the heart of Harriet Beecher Stowe. Exclaiming "I will write something—I will if I live!" the future authoress of one of the most effective stories in the world stated her determination in the little parlour in the presence of her children. One Sunday, in 1851, Mrs. Stowe saw with her mind's eye the whole terrible panorama of Uncle Tom's death. It was at a communion service, and she said that on her return home her pen could not be restrained from painting the whole picture on paper. The critics of her literary description of this thrilling incident were her children, to whom she read what she had written. The first chapter of the story was completed within the next two months, and dispatched to the *National Era* at Washington. It commenced on June 5, 1851, and was intended to finish in three months. The story, however, grew and developed to such an extent that its last words were not published until April in the following year.

Immediately an offer was made by Mr. J. P. Jewett, of Boston, to publish the story in book form, Mrs. Stowe to have a royalty of ten per cent. upon its sales. On the first day of publication no less than 3000 copies were sold. Within twelve months 300,000 copies had distributed the fame of its authoress all over the world of readers, and gained for Mrs. Stowe the recognition of such men of light and leading as Longfellow, Whittier, Sumner, and Seward. From England came congratulations from the Prince Consort, the Earl of Shaftesbury, and numerous other celebrities. The story was a new mighty moral force in the world.

While the excitement on the slave question was at its height, Jenny Lind visited America. Mrs. Stowe waxes enthusiastic over the "Swedish Nightingale," and the feeling of affection was reciprocal. Quite prophetic is the singer's sentence on "Uncle Tom's Cabin": "The writer of that book can fall asleep to-day or to-morrow with the bright, sweet conscience of having been a strong means, in the Creator's hand, of operating essential good in one of the most important questions for the welfare of our black brethren."

About this time Professor Stowe accepted an invitation to become Professor of Sacred Literature in the Theological Seminary of Andover, Mass. It was a wrench to Mrs. Stowe to leave Brunswick, for which her affection never dwindled. In the summer of 1893 a letter from her to Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, and Co. makes mention of this place: "The pretty little Brunswick edition of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' with its pleasant-sounding name, brought back to me the happy days of long ago. Days of labour, it is true, but also days of strength and days of hope. As I took the little book in my hand, I seemed to hear the soft rush of the distant tide in the sunny bays of Maine, and to scent the odours of the balsam, spruce, pine, and hemlock which fringe those lovely shores. It was indeed a happy thought, the naming of this new little edition from the birthplace of the original."

Once transplanted, however, Mrs. Stowe lost no time in establishing herself at Andover, where their house, called "The Cabin," became a new focus of influence. She could not help missing the sea, which had been one of the charms of Brunswick, but otherwise acknowledged the beauty of the place. After arranging the new abode, and replying to certain fierce attacks on her story, Mrs. Stowe sailed, on April 1, 1853, in company with her husband and brother Charles, for Europe.

After a round of visits in Scotland, where she was received at the railway stations and in the streets with a cordiality which surprised her, Mrs. Stowe came to London. The famous "Stafford House Meeting" took place in May, when the Duchess of Sutherland presented her with a gold bracelet in the shape of a slave's shackle, bearing the words "We trust it is a memorial of a chain that is soon to be broken." At this assembly, among the public men present were Lord Palmerston, Lord John Russell, the Earl of Shaftesbury (who read an address welcoming Mrs. Stowe on behalf of the women of England), the Duke of Argyll, Earl Granville, and Mr. Gladstone. All Mrs. Stowe's doings were carefully chronicled, and fashionable society lionised the American authoress with a zeal which was only equalled in the case of Garibaldi. A Continental tour followed, giving further proof on every side of the far-reaching nature of her fame.

Mrs. Stowe returned home in the autumn of 1853, and very soon afterwards her impressions were published under the title of "Sunny Memories." Three years later "Dred" appeared, with many additional arrows aimed at slavery. This volume had a large sale, 100,000 copies being sold in Great Britain within a month. In 1856 Mrs. Stowe paid her second visit to England, this time accompanied by Professor Stowe, her two daughters and son, and her sister. One of the earliest events on her arrival was an informal meeting with the Queen and the Prince Consort at a railway

station. Mrs. Stowe was a guest of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, and made the acquaintance of John Bright, Charles Kingsley, and many other distinguished folk, enjoying all her experiences with childlike interest. She afterwards took a tour on the Continent, and ascended Vesuvius. In June 1857 she was once more at home, soon to be bereaved of her eldest son, who was drowned. A literary result of this great sorrow was the allegory entitled, "The Mourning Veil," which appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

In December 1858 "The Minister's Wooing" was commenced in the same magazine, and during the same period "The Pearl of Orr's Island" began in the *Independent*. The former story has always been popular, and won generous approval for its clever plot and its study of character from John Ruskin, James Russell Lowell, and George Eliot. It was the forerunner of those pictures of New England life which have been followed in our own time by artists like Mary E. Wilkins and Sarah Orne Jewett.

Leaving but one member of her family in the States, Mrs. Stowe sailed for Liverpool in August 1859. During her subsequent visit to Italy she met Mrs. Browning. Her return to Andover was shortly followed by the American Civil War, in which her son was seriously wounded. In 1863 the family moved to a house on the bank of the Park River, Hartford, Connecticut, and a new story called "Agnes of Sorrento," which had been inspired by Italy, was published. After a visit to Florida, Mrs. Stowe purchased an orange grove at Mandarin, which was a peaceful home amid delightful surroundings. Hero her pen was busier than ever, and "Oldtown Folks" (issued in 1869) and "Palmetto Leaves" (published in 1873) were some results of her sojourn in Florida. Her husband was the original of the "visionary boy" in "Oldtown Folks." Five years later Mrs. Stowe gave the world her last lengthy literary work, "Poganuc People." What became known as the "Byron Controversy" engrossed her attention during 1869. She was moved to defend the character of Lady Byron from the fact of her long knowledge of the circumstances. Having published a volume entitled "Lady Byron Vindicated," Mrs. Stowe was, perhaps unwisely, led to tell in 1871 "The History of the Byron Controversy," which brought about an unsatisfactory resuscitation of an unpleasant subject.

The last noteworthy event of her life was a garden-party given in celebration of her seventieth birthday. This took place on June 14, 1882, at Boston, being organised by her publishers, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, and Co. Henry Ward Beecher and Oliver Wendell Holmes delivered addresses, poems by J. G. Whittier and others were read, and then Mrs. Stowe gave her words of simple thanks to the distinguished audience.

From that date only occasional glimpses of Harriet Beecher Stowe were obtained. Her "second childhood" deserved its title, for she retained the serene happiness which was her early experience. Professor Stowe died in 1886, and Mrs. Stowe resided in Hartford until her decease. It is difficult rightly to appreciate her place in literature; easier to give her an unassailable position among the philanthropists of the century. Perhaps the criticism of George Sand best describes her work: "Mrs. Stowe is all instinct; it is the very reason she appears to some not to have talent. Has she not talent? What is talent? Nothing, doubtless, compared to genius; but has she genius? She has genius as humanity feels the need of genius—the genius of goodness, not that of the man of letters, but that of the saint."

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

"War is the national industry of Prussia," said Mirabeau more than a hundred years ago. The epigram was scathing, but all things considered, it was well, perhaps, for Prussia herself that it contained a considerable substratum of truth. The unrelaxing pursuit of the industry amid prosperous as well as adverse conditions enabled her to show a good front at Leipzig and Waterloo in less than ten years after the industry seemed to have collapsed at Jena. It enabled her in a comparatively small number of years after she had been politically humiliated by Austria at Olmütz to claim military equality with her at Düppel, and three years after this to show her supremacy over her rival at Sadowa. Four years later still, it enabled her to fight with success at Sedan one of the two decisive battles of the century.

The schools for cadets involve a series of progressive examinations, all very serious and extending over a period of from eight to ten years. As for the *avantageur*, he must first of all be accepted by a *chef de corps*—i.e., by an officer holding no less a grade than that of a colonel, and be provided with certificates attesting a certain degree of military instruction. Previous to his final admission there is a very careful inquiry as to his habits and customs, his moral value, his parents and general family relations. If admitted, he occupies the standing of a non-commissioned officer, and has, besides his ordinary duties, to attend the courses of a special military academy for nine or ten months, after which he becomes a *faehnrich*, *Anglicè*, an ensign, a standard-bearer.

From this moment all distinction between him and the *faehnrichs* who have passed through the various schools for cadets ceases, and there is absolutely not the slightest difference between his chances and theirs for the next sub-lieutenancy in the regiment.

When a vacancy occurs, the colonel summons all the officers of the regiment to decide whether the oldest *faehnrich*—the oldest in point of standing, not in point of age—is worthy to be appointed sub-lieutenant. If the majority votes against the candidate, the election of the next on the list is proceeded with. If, on the contrary, the majority is favourable to him, each officer who has voted against the *faehnrich* is bound to state the reason of his adverse vote in writing, and the whole of these documents, together with the general report of the sitting, are forwarded to the Minister for War, who submits them to the Emperor. The final decision rests irrevocably with the latter.

The poverty of a young officer thus elected may be a personal inconvenience; it does not influence in the least degree his fellow-officers' attitude towards him. He may not be able to launch into extravagance, but he can live on his pay; the Government is his ally in this respect by providing for him the officers' casino where he may dine and lunch at the cost of one half-crown per day. Nay, if he is unmarried and however well-to-do, he is bound by the regulations to take at least one meal a day there—i.e., until he has got his captaincy, which means under the most favourable

circumstances a period of thirteen or fourteen years, for promotion is slow in the German army. But for want of space I would give some instances of the advantages of the system from the letters of one who, as poor as any at the outset of his career, rose to the highest distinctions his sovereign could bestow. I am alluding to Helmuth von Moltke.

I fancy there is no necessity to point out the reason for this summary sketch. Readers of the daily papers will have no difficulty in gauging my motives. Those who do not read the daily papers may inquire of their friends who follow events step by step.

The Welsh National Eisteddfod was held at Llandudno on July 3, Professor Rhys, the Principal of Jesus College, Oxford, presiding. The prize of £20 and a silver wreath for an ode on Llewellyn the Great, sad to say, went unawarded, none of the compositions sent in being considered of sufficient merit. The prize of £15 for an ode on the late Archdruid Clwydfardd was won by Mr. R. O. Hughes, of Festiniog, and the Choral Union of the same place emerged victorious out of the seven choirs which competed for the £70 with a rendering of Handel's "May no rash intruder."



RESIDENCE OF MRS. BEECHER STOWE AT HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT.

Photo Stuart, Hartford.

No nation, then, however great, need be ashamed to take a lesson from Prussia in the art of warfare. It is a matter of common knowledge that all her success since 1814 has been mainly due to the admirable training of her officers. All her military authorities appear to have taken a leaf from the great Napoleon's book when he said: "There are no bad regiments, there are only bad colonels." Von Roon, Moltke, and Waldersee have gone further still: practically they have said, "There are no bad battalions, companies, or sections; there are only bad majors, captains, and lieutenants." And their chief aim has been to make all these not only as technically efficient as is humanly possible, but to imbue them with a lofty idea of their duties and responsibilities towards their fellow-officers in their every-day social intercourse with them.

Let us see how this has been accomplished; let us endeavour to convey a crude notion of the system which has borne such good fruit. A commission in the Prussian or German Army—the words are synonymous—may be obtained in two different ways. First, by passing through the various and successive schools for cadets; second, by contracting a voluntary engagement as an *avantageur*. Caprivi contracted such an engagement.



THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA: THE BATTLE OF FERKET.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.

In the battle which was fought at Ferket in the early morning of June 7, the Dervishes occupied three strong positions—the Jahalin Camp, a group of huts on the bank of the river (shown in the above Illustration); the Baggara Camp, some distance away; and the Jehadieh Camp, in the neighbouring hills. While the 2nd Brigade of the Egyptian force was engaged in driving the enemy from the hills, the 1st Brigade, under Major Lewis, advanced on the Jahalin Camp, and after some fierce firing the troops made their way into the camp, and, fighting hand-to-hand, completely cleared the huts. Quarter was offered, but the Dervishes refused to submit, and were killed in great numbers.

LITERATURE.

SOME LONDON CHURCHES.

The interesting and sumptuously printed volume, *London Churches of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries* (B. T. Batsford), owes its origin, if we may hazard the guess, more to the liberality of the publisher than to the ingenuity of the author. Without intending to disparage in the least the historical and descriptive accounts contributed by Mr. George H. Birch, the learned curator of Sir John Soane's Museum, we recognise the claims of the publisher and photographer to our gratitude for producing a permanent and worthy record of the masterpieces of the Caroline architects and their immediate successors. The revival of ecclesiastical architecture after the Reformation can be traced to the influence of Archbishop Laud—who may have found a competent interpreter in Inigo Jones—but considerable doubt rests upon his actual connection with any churches in London or Westminster.

The Great Fire of 1666 was Wren's opportunity, and happily funds were forthcoming to rebuild the Cathedral and fifty of the ninety-three parish churches which had been destroyed. It was owing to Wren's wealth of inventive power that the London which emerged from the ruins was far more imposing than the picturesque but inadequate city which had been swept away. Mr. Birch's book only occupies itself with the ecclesiastical buildings, but in these there are more variety and originality—the work of a single man—than are to be found in any city of Italy or Spain. The first proof of Wren's skill and power was St. Mary-le-Bow, from which the curfew nightly rang home the apprentices or "Children of Chep"; the most elaborate and the most harmonious was St. Stephen's, Walbrook, with its marble dome and barrel-vaulted transepts. Not the least interesting feature of Wren's work was its apparent waywardness. He had no stereotyped theories or plans, and it was sometimes on the outside and on the spire, and sometimes on the inside and its decorations, that he lavished the wealth of his imagination. St. Michael's, Cornhill, is on the plan of a basilica; St. Mary-at-Hill is a square with a central dome; St. Nicholas Cole Abbey and St. Lawrence Jewry are simple parallelograms, but treated essentially differently in their arrangement; and so on throughout the long series.

As regards the exterior features of Wren's churches, none surpass in beauty the spire of Bow Church; but St. Magnus', London Bridge, almost equals it in harmony of outline; while St. Bride's (or St. Bridget), Fleet Street, with its four tabernacles of diminishing size, out of which the spire springs, testifies as much to the boldness of Wren's conceptions as to the delicacy of his designs. The Gothic spire of St. Dunstan-in-the-East shows that even in his declining years his hand had lost nothing of its cunning, and that even the arduous work imposed upon him by the rebuilding of St. Paul's, the restoration of Westminster Abbey, and such secular works as Chelsea Hospital, the College of Physicians, and Hampton Court Palace was not too much for his capacity. If he had been allowed to carry out his original plan for rebuilding the city, London might have presented a more imposing frontage to the river, and the Thames Embankment, continued from the Temple to London Bridge, would have been the most important quay in any capital in Europe. Nicholas Hawksmoor, one of Wren's pupils, shared some of his master's originality, as those will admit who are acquainted with the exterior of St. Anne's, Limehouse, and St. George's, Bloomsbury. Hawksmoor had a

In the *Page Papers* (two vols., Heinemann) you feel every beat of the pulse of Europe during the fevered period of the Napoleon era. Sir Arthur Paget, in spite of his youth, seems to have been chosen for the most important diplomatic missions at the most momentous crises in St. Petersburg, Berlin, Munich, Palermo, Vienna, and the



THE CHURCH OF ST. MARY-LE-STRAND.

From "London Churches of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries."
By George H. Birch, F.S.A. (Batsford.)

Dardanelles; and in his letters, as in a phonograph, you hear the living voices of distracted Kings and Ministers. The volumes are hardly less interesting for the picture they give you of a striking personality, of an Englishman who scorned delights to live laborious days in the service of his country at an age when such delights are dearest, and with qualities and accomplishments which made them his due. "Why, my beloved Arthur," writes the Prince of Wales to him in one of his effusive letters, "why bury yourself—so loved, esteemed, and liked as you are by all who know you?" and H.R.H. adds a description in italics of the diplomatic calling, which at least applied to some of those with whom Sir Arthur had to deal: "You will then enjoy your friends, they will enjoy you, which must be quite out of the question as long as you are to be one of the sanctioned Spies and hidden lamps of Lord Grenville." Sir Arthur himself was an exceptionally honest diplomatist, and owed to his outspokenness and to the baseness of the Ministry that had employed him his dismissal, and also probably his final disgust with the service.

Who wrote "Eikon Basilike," that curious "Povrtaic-tvre of his Sacred Maiestic in his Solitvdes and Sufferings"? Since the day of its appearance in 1649, a few hours after the execution of Charles I., controversy has waged round it unceasingly. In the earlier stages the polemics were purely political, for those engaged in the issue of the work were hunted down and imprisoned. But the discussion is now merely literary and bibliographical—whether Charles I. or Bishop Gauden was the author, the variations of the editions, and so on. The whole question has been reopened, and every detail has been brought up to date in the elaborate *Bibliography of the King's Book*, which Mr. Edward Almack has written (Blades, East, and Blades). Mr. Almack is a great enthusiast, and though he gently hints that his hobby may rock some folk to sleep "for very weariness," he has filled some two hundred and fifty quarto pages on the subject. The first two-thirds of the work is taken up with the minute survey of the question of the authorship of the "Eikon." Mr. Almack, who appears to be an ardent admirer of Charles I., dismisses the Gauden theory, and quotes *in extenso* by way of support the admirable preface which Mr. E. J. L. Scott, the head of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum, wrote for Mr. Elliot Stock's 1880 reprint of the "Eikon." He rallies Dr. Gardiner and Professor Masson on their scepticism in a gentle way, and enumerates forty-five separate books that have been written on the "Eikon," from Milton's "Eikonoklastes" down to Dr. Wordsworth and even Miss Charlotte M. Yonge. Fifty-four editions of the "Eikon" itself were printed in the first year of its appearance. It was reprinted at least eight times before 1800, and six times during the present century. Mr. Almack (who owns one hundred and twenty copies) describes all the editions minutely, and lives in hope of finding others. He has reproduced in facsimile a great number of the title-pages, and even some of the more famous bindings. His preface is a trifle diffuse and ill-digested, but his industry has been prodigious, and it may be doubted if anything more can be said of this wonderful "Eikon." A noteworthy fact about Mr. Almack's volume is that it has been set entirely by one compositor, and admirably set, for the task has been so elaborate and delicate that Mr. Almack has thought fit to reassure the reader that the "good man is not yet in Hanwell."

That charming American poet Miss Louise Imogen Guiney has in *Lovers' Saint Ruth's* (Copeland and Day) tried her prentice hand, as she modestly expresses it, in

fiction. In this dainty book she gives us four little tales, exquisitely written but rather morbidly conceived. They are like the hectic flush on beauty's cheek, more lovely than healthy. A woman outraged by a gypsy introduces an illegitimate heir to an honoured name. A sergeant meets and loves in flesh and blood what had haunted him in visions—the impersonation in woman's form of his country's flag, but on the very day of his great happiness is shot through the heart. A leading light of humanity and philanthropy in America allows himself to be hanged for an atrocious crime committed by his illegitimate son, because he felt himself the vicarious perpetrator of the deed through his neglect of the child's education. A little Dublin gamin—but this is a true tale—drowns himself in the Liffey to secure to his starving mother the insurance due on his death. The subjects are sad, and even somewhat sickly, but the treatment of them is exquisite in its delicacy, tenderness, and refinement.

A valuable contribution to the history of barbaric art, and its relation to social customs and religious beliefs, is supplied by Major-General Robley in his work on *Moko, or Maori Tattooing* (Chapman and Hall). The amount of pain to which man will submit if thereby he only becomes more attractive to womankind, or more repellent to his foes, has striking illustration in this very widespread custom, the origin of which has given rise to many a legend among barbaric folk and to many a theory among the civilised. Doubtless the love of personal adornment lies at the root of it, for as far back as the Stone Age evidence is furnished as to neolithic man's decoration of his person. Indeed, we may pass beyond him to his congener of the ancient Stone Age, and find not only fragments of necklaces with his bones, but striking pictures of himself and of the animals of the Reindeer period in old cave deposits. General Robley divides his work into two parts, the first of which deals with men's and women's moko, with the processes and patterns, and the origin and decay of the custom; while the second division of the book deals with the methods of embalming the "mokomokai" or dried heads, and supplies a complete catalogue of the exhibits in home and foreign collections. The story of the traffic by which these instructive but uninviting specimens have been secured has romantic elements which lose none of their flavour in the author's hands. In the excellent illustrations which crowd the book his skilful pencil is apparent, and, detached from their facial surroundings, the "moko" lines and spirals have enough grace and variety to commend them "to art students and designers."

A LITERARY LETTER.

Messrs. Chapman and Hall have decided to publish a three-and-sixpenny edition of Carlyle's works and a six-shilling edition of the works of Charles Dickens. It is to be hoped that in both cases the firm will show a greater faculty for adapting itself to the taste of the times than has hitherto characterised it. There is undoubtedly a great market for a new six-shilling edition of Charles Dickens. Messrs. Methuen and other firms have demonstrated of late the enormous vitality of the six-shilling novel. We want a good, complete Dickens, and there has never been a really well-printed Dickens put upon the market. If Messrs. Chapman and Hall go to Constable, or some other artistic printer, their venture will be a pronounced success.

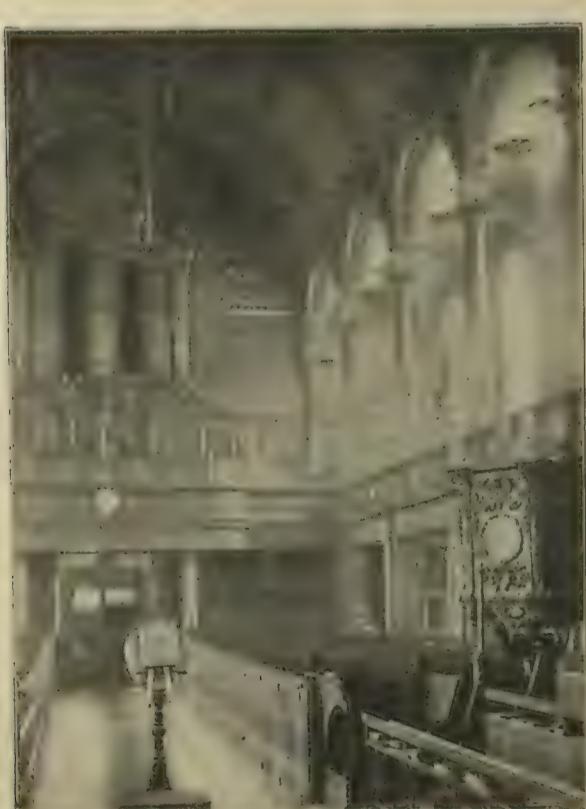
It is, of course, an entire mistake to suppose that Dickens is in any way played out. Perhaps he is not much read by the well-to-do literary people of the day, but it is always when a writer is pronounced "exploded" by the cultivated few that he is being very widely read by the many. An enormous reading public has grown up since the days when Dickens was so much talked about—a public which buys the penny weekly papers and the six-penny magazines, and that public is still very keenly interested in Dickens.

Someone will, I suppose, ultimately write a book upon the influence of Dickens in Victorian literature. When that book is written it will be a considerable surprise to the supercilious critic who always delights to talk contemptuously of Dickens as the author for the ignorant, and contrast him unfavourably with Thackeray. I should be very much surprised if, with all Thackeray's gifts of style, he has ever been much of an influence upon other literary men. Charlotte Brontë, it is true, absolutely worshipped his work, but had he never written a line her books would have been much the same. Certainly most of the novelists of our day of any distinction must have been immensely influenced by Dickens; Mr. J. M. Barrie, for example, and a long procession of his Scottish imitators, and many of the most popular of living English novelists.

In the interesting sale of autograph letters which Messrs. Sotheby will hold on July 13, there is a letter addressed to Wilkie Collins, giving an account of the death of Thackeray, which runs as follows—

About Thackeray's death I suppose you know everything from the newspapers. He was in the house on the Monday before the Thursday on which he died, and was in famous spirits and full of fun. On Tuesday he dined at the Garrick, and those who saw him there saw about the last of him. He came home that night and went to bed as usual. On the next day, Wednesday, he was so poorly as to keep his bed all day. His eldest daughter went into his room about the middle of the day and saw him. His servant looked after him the last thing at night; at midnight his mother, who slept in the next room, heard him retching violently, and when we were at breakfast the next morning a servant came to us from the house to say that "Mr. Thackeray was dead."

The volume which Mr. J. M. Barrie is about to publish under the title of "Margaret Ogilvy" will be, I understand, one of the most beautiful pieces of writing he has yet achieved. Margaret Ogilvy is, of course, Mr. Barrie's mother, and a tombstone to her memory, in blue granite, is just being erected by her devoted son, in Kirriemuir—a town now made famous for us as "Thrumns."—C. K. S.



THE CHURCH OF ST. CLEMENT DANES: INTERIOR, LOOKING WEST.

From "London Churches of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries."
By George H. Birch, F.S.A. (Batsford.)

hankering after a classic style which was altogether distinct from the graceful conceptions of Wren; but as he marked a period of church architecture identified as the Georgian, Mr. Birch has judged rightly in including him. James Gibbs, who was entrusted with the completion of St. Clement Danes, carried his classic preferences further in St. Martin's-in-the-Fields—with its celebrated portico—and St. Mary-le-Strand, with its ever-refined spire, which replaces the once notorious Maypole of the Strand.



RECEPTION OF "QUEEN'S NURSES" OF THE JUBILEE INSTITUTE BY HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN AT WINDSOR.

Drawn by an Special Artist.

A CHERRY-ORCHARD IDYLL.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

I often smile when I hear people say in the stereotyped phrase that "England is now being covered with bricks and mortar." Those who say so belong to the class who run away from London to a few favoured and essentially Londony watering-places—Eastbourne, Scarborough, Bournemouth—or to a few villa-besprinkled districts in Kent and Surrey, where the overflow of London has elected to gather itself. As a matter of fact, there is more *country* to-day in our island than ever there was: the census returns show that the greater part of England is really being depopulated; that the towns of over ten thousand souls are growing fast, while the towns of under ten thousand and the rural districts are actually losing population. Dorset, Devon, Wilts, are lonely downlands. If you run across England from London to Liverpool by North-Western Railway, and look out of window as you go, you will find that throughout that four hours' journey, from the outskirts of the Metropolis to the outskirts of the Lancashire cotton-field, you have passed through nothing but unbroken and peaceful rusticity. Only twice do you pass anything worth calling a town—at Rugby and Stafford. The rest of the route lies among fields and lanes, villages embowered in elms and apple-trees, or old-world cities like Lichfield raising their antique spires above the willows around them. You will get bricks and mortar in abundance, of course, if you choose to go where bricks and mortar are. But I maintain it is irrational to complain of the absence of wild life, if you deliberately elect to pitch your tent in Piccadilly or on the King's Road at Brighton.

The village of cherry-gardens where we have found summer quarters supplies me with the text for this present sermon. I have been accused at times of a nefarious desire to instruct my readers: the idyll now before you is warranted to be wholly free from instruction, and to contain no facts that can by any possibility enlighten anybody. It is simply the record of a few passing impressions. We have found an eligible family residence, consisting of a sitting-room and two bed-rooms, in a delightful village overlooking the Thames, and mainly composed of cherry-orchards. The front door opens direct upon the dinner-table. Only a mile and a half away, by the riverside, bricks and mortar abound, for the district is one of those where the boating-party from London excurs for the day, and the dweller in villas has fixed his summer quarters. No "Sabbath calm" for him, but the "Sunday by the river," alive with gay frocks and the congenial music of the open-air minstrel. Below there, on the actual bank, brick walls shut in every meadow or copse, and anti-social notices in every field gently assure such feet as fain would tread the soft spongy sward that "Trespassers will be prosecuted." That is the penalty you have to pay for going where all the world goes. You will find down there, at Maidenhead or Henley, smooth cocknified gardens and artificial banks and parterres gay with the usual suburban combination of scarlet geranium, blue lobelia, and yellow calceolaria in geometrical figures, intended to illustrate the second book of Euclid. Every inch of soil is jealously guarded from the landless townsman. But come just a mile and a half inland, on to the bold chalk hills that rise above the wooded gorge of the river, and you find yourself at once in a world of dreamy peace and antique freedom. Common after common, unroamed by donkeys, geese, or children, stretches away in long succession for miles of thicket on every side. The open spaces are overgrown with tangled clumps of bramble, dog-rose, and honeysuckle. The ground beneath is green with bracken and yellow with cinquefoil. In the hedgerows all our English creepers twine round one another in twisted festoons—wild hop and clematis and bryony, black or white, and both the bindweeds. Foxgloves flare in the glades between the flowery tussocks of pink and white dog-rose. And among the shady beechwoods, through which roads and paths lead unfenced in every direction, you may pick white helleborine, with its waxy bells, and strange ghost-like blossoms of the yellow bird's-nest.

But the cherry-trees themselves, when all is said and done, are the chief feature of the neighbourhood. Cherry-gardens to the right of us, cherry-gardens to the left of us, cherry-gardens in front of us, volley and thunder. Quite literally volley, for this is the picking season, and at all hours of day and night you can hear guns discharged on every side to frighten away the birds who try to steal the fruit from its lawful possessors. Dreamily in the night you wake up, and hear as in a maze through the open windows the noise of fire-arms and the springing of rattles and the shouting of boys to terrify the depredators. When the population sleeps I'm sure I don't know; it must take it out afterwards, when the cherry-harvest is over. Or perhaps the bird-scarers work by shifts, or have watches like sailors. For my own part, my sympathies go rather with the birds; for, in the first place, it was they who developed the cherry on their own behalf; and in the second place, are not the cherry-gardens dear and useful to the naturalist as attracting to the spot almost all the fruit-eating birds of Britain? One enthusiastic ornithologist, indeed, came here to study them, and almost emulated the cherry-pickers by rising at dawn or before it, and lying on his back for half the day to watch the little thieves at work among the branches. It is rough on the birds, I feel, that they should first take the trouble to develop cherries by eating the softest and dispersing the stones with the actual seeds, and then be treated with the utmost rigour of the law—a Draconian law—for trying to secure some portion of the fruit they themselves have practically invented and patented. The pickers reach the trees by means of ladders something like one side of the Eiffel Tower—very broad at the base and narrow at the top, so as to give a secure hold and yet cause no unnecessary disturbance among the branches. We see them picking, picking, picking all day long, with intervals for shouting and the discharge of fire-arms. But as to getting a cherry to eat, in a private capacity, you might as well expect to get turbot or soles in an East Coast fishing village. All are sent away wholesale, as soon as picked, in big baskets to London. You cannot buy less than what is called "a sieve"—a mysterious measure, which contains some twenty-five pounds of cherries. Now the most industrious man, with the best of good will, can hardly be expected to eat twenty-five pounds of fruit at a sitting.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

W FINLAYSON.—We are very glad to hear from you again, and the problems are most acceptable.

H S MITCHELL (Dulwich).—If we understand your diagram aright the Black King is mated. If he is not he can claim fifty moves for mate to be given, or the game is drawn.

T WYCHE.—Your problem is very pretty but just a little too old-fashioned in idea for our use. We shall be pleased to examine more of your compositions.

H RODNEY (Poplar).—Problem to hand, with thanks.

H T BAILEY.—Your problem is correct, but the solution is poor, and its construction too mechanical.

E A PEPPIN.—Much obliged, but we regret your problem is of no service to us.

F L (Lewes).—Thanks for amended position. In the former version there was no Black Bishop on the board.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2719 received from C A M (Penang) and Upendranath Maitra (Darjeeling); of No. 2720 from Upendranath Maitra; of No. 2724 from H E Lee (Ipswich); of No. 2725 from J Bailey (Newark); James Gamble (Belfast), H E Lee (Ipswich), Dr Goldsmith (Lee-on-the-Solent), Matfield, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), J F Moon, Hermit, and Ubique.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2726 received from E Loudon, Hermit, F James (Wolverhampton), Meursius (Brussels), Mark Dawson (Horsforth), C E Perugini, Martin F, W d'A Barnard (Uppingham), Professor Charles Wagner (Vienna), E P Vulliamy, F L (Lewes), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), C R II (Green Lanes), W P Hind, F Waller (Luton), T Roberts, M Rieloff, T Chown, Shadforth, J D Tucker (Leeds), Fred J Gross, Bluet, J Cook, Captain Spencer, W R Rallie, Alpha, Frank Proctor, B Copland (Chelmsford), H E Lee (Ipswich), R II Brooks, F Lecte (Sudbury), M Burke, L Desanges, Dawn, Sorrento, N Harris, R Worteles (Canterbury), H Rodney, and H T Atterbury.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2725.—By Mrs. W. J. BAIRD.

WHITE.

1. Kt to Q 8th
2. Kt to B 7th (ch)
3. Kt to K 7th. Mate.

BLACK.

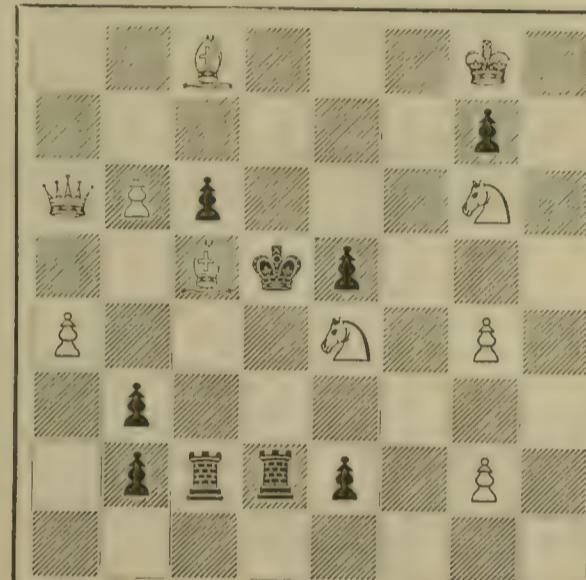
- P to Q 5th
- K to Q 4th

If Black play 1. P to K 6th, 2. Kt to B 6th (ch), and if 1. P to B 6th then 2. Kt to B 7th (ch), K to B 5th; 3. P to K 3rd, Mate.

PROBLEM NO. 2728.

BY REGINALD KELLY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in the match between Messrs. J. F. BARRY and J. W. SHOWALTER. (Queen's Gambit declined.)

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	25. K to Q 2nd	R to K 2nd
2. P to Q B 4th	P to K 3rd	26. P takes P	P takes P
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	P to K B 4th	27. K R to Kt sq (ch)	R to Kt 2nd
4. B to B 4th		28. Kt to K 5th	
It is a question how far this move is advisable for White.		White has so managed that he must gain a Pawn, and some really fine play ensues.	
4. B to Q 3rd	B to Q 3rd	28. B to Q 3rd	R to Q B sq
5. Kt to R 3rd	B takes B	29. Kt takes B	Kt takes Kt
6. Kt takes B	Kt to K B 3rd	30. Kt takes P	R takes R
7. P to K 3rd	P to B 3rd	31. P takes R (ch)	K to R sq
8. B to Q 3rd	Castles	32. R to K 6th	Kt to K 4th
9. Q to B 2nd	Kt to R 3rd	33. R takes P (ch)	K to Kt sq
10. P to Q 1st	Kt to B 2nd	34. Kt to K 7th (ch)	K to Kt 2nd
With a view to Kt to Q 4th, after P takes P. The game is, in fact, largely made up of manoeuvres of the Knights.		35. Kt takes R	K takes R
11. Castles (Q R)	P takes P	36. P to B 4th	Kt to B 5th (ch)
12. B takes P	Q Kt to Q 4th	37. K to B 3rd	Kt takes K P
13. Kt to Q 3rd	Q t Q 3rd	38. Kt to K 7th	K to Q 8th (ch)
14. P to R 3rd	P to Q 4th	39. K to B 2nd	Kt to K 6th (ch)
15. B takes Kt	K P takes B	40. K to Q 2nd	Kt to K 7th
16. Kt to K 5th	P to Q Kt 4th	41. Kt takes P	Kt takes P
17. Kt to K 2nd	B to K 3rd	42. Kt to Q 4th	Kt takes P
18. Q to B 5th	Q takes Q	43. P to B 6th	Kt to K 4th
19. P takes Q	Kt to K 5th	44. P to B 7th	Kt to K 5th (ch)
20. Kt to Q 3rd		45. K to B 2nd	Kt to Q 3rd
A very pretty position, strong both for defence and attack.		46. Kt to B 7th (ch)	Resigns
20. K R to K sq	K R to K sq	Looking at the ending as a whole, few games have required more delicate handling or given rise to a finer exhibition of Knight play.	
21. P to B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd		
22. Kt to Q 4th	B to Q 2nd		
23. Q R to K sq	P to Kt 3rd		
24. P to Kt 4th	P to R 3rd		

TITLEPAGE AND INDEX.

The Titlepage and Index to Engravings of Volume One Hundred and Eight (from January 4 to June 27, 1896) of THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS can be had, *Gratis*, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, W.C., London.

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

They say all things come to those who wait, provided always, I suppose, people don't die in the waiting. I am reminded of this saying on account of a very singular confirmation of a certain sea-serpent story which has just been supplied. To make clear the interesting nature of the occurrence I must go back nearly twenty years, to the days when I wrote a certain paper on the "Sea Serpents of Science." I embodied in that article—published in my book "Leisure Time Studies"—what I conceived to be the natural explanation of the sea-serpent stories which perpetually creep up in the records of navigators, ancient and present-day alike. My contention then was (and is now) that while no one marine form can possibly be selected to represent the animals described in all sea-snake recitals, yet the majority of these narratives are explicable on the idea that a giant cuttlefish was the representative of the "great unknown" of the deep. I was led to this view of things by various considerations, among them the fact that big cuttlefishes—squids of enormous size—had been found to exist, and that many of the circumstances narrated in sea-serpent stories corresponded very closely with the actual life, habits, and aspects of the gigantic animals just named. At the same time I did not deny that other marine forms (e.g., marine snakes) might be liable to excessive development, and might figure in their turn as sea-serpents.

But for years I have stuck to my opinion that the big cuttlefish theory will explain many a sea-serpent story which is inexplicable on other grounds, and the curious incident to which I am about to refer presents a very striking confirmation of the views I expressed twenty years ago. On Jan. 18, 1877, certain mariners declared and subscribed at Liverpool, before the then Stipendiary, Mr. T. S. Raffles, a somewhat remarkable affidavit. The men formed the master, officers, and crew of the barque *Pauline* of London. They testified on oath that on July 8, 1875 (the *Pauline* had had a twenty months' voyage) in lat. 5 deg. 13 min. S., long. 35 deg. W., they observed three large sperm whales in combat with a sea-serpent, which had gripped one of the whales with two turns of its body. The head and tail, said Captain Drevier and his crew, appeared to have a length beyond the coils of about 30 ft., and its girth 8 or 9 ft. "The serpent whirled its victim round and round for about fifteen minutes, and then suddenly dropped the whale to the bottom head first." They saw another "serpent" on July 13 at a distance of about two hundred yards "shutting itself along the surface"—an exact description of the manner of swimming of the cuttlefishes, I may remark. A few moments after it was seen elevated some sixty feet perpendicularly in the air by the chief officer, and the following (two) able seamen, who attest the declaration. The "it" here, was probably one of the big arms or tentacles of the squid raised out of the water.

Now I confess that twenty years ago this case puzzled me completely. I thought, from the account of the mariners, that the attacking animals might have been big snakes. I was misled by the words that the "serpent" had "whirled its victim round and round," and had "dragged the whale to the bottom head first." What the sailors really saw was the whale diving to the bottom with its victim, the said victim being one of the giant cuttlefishes, on which we now know the sperm whale feed, and with which they often have deadly combats. The verification of the story of the master and crew of the barque *Pauline* has come to us from a thoroughly reliable source. I am heartily glad that the unexpected has happened, for I well remember the floods of sarcastic criticism which were launched against the *Pauline* narrative in 1877, and against everybody who dared to countenance such a Munchausen-like tale. They laugh longest (and best) who laugh last. So now let us see whence the verification of this extraordinary story has come.

In a paper on the "Sperm Whale and its Food," by Mr. F. T. Bullen, published in *Nature*, June 4, we are made aware once again of the fact that these big cetaceans live on the squids or cuttlefishes, which they pursue and attack. This information has previously been given us from observations made, if I mistake not, by the Prince of Monaco, whose interest in the natural history of the sperm whale is being practically exhibited. Mr. Bullen has had a sailor's training, therefore his accounts are all the more worthy of ranking as accurate narratives from the fact that his powers of marine observation are of a special kind. He was cruising in the Strait of Malacca, between the Nicobars and the Malay Peninsula, and had killed a full-sized sperm whale, which had ejected from its stomach bits of giant cuttlefishes, some of these masses being as large as the ship's hatch-house, or about 6 ft. by 6 ft. by 8 ft. That same night a commotion was observed on the sea in the track of the moon, and as the ship drew near the scene of the disturbance, Mr. Bullen saw a very large sperm whale "engaged in deadly conflict with a monstrous squid, whose far-reaching tentacles enveloped the whale's whole body."

We now note what the "serpent" really was which enveloped the whale seen by the crew of the *Pauline*. It was the coils of cuttlefish arms which were mistaken for the body of the snake, and a very natural mistake too. Mr. Bullen describes how the arms were of a livid white, and "enlaced the cachalot like a nest of mighty serpents" standing out against the black boulder-like head of the whale. The latter raised itself out of the water, and then the big head of the cuttlefish was seen. At the distance of under a mile it appeared about the size of one of Mr. Bullen's biggest oil casks, holding 336 gallons. He saw the eyes of the squid, each about a foot in diameter. As he and the watch looked, they saw the writhing of the arms gradually cease. They slipped off the whale's body, that seemed to float unusually high, and all around were smaller whales or sharks, which were evidently assisting in the destruction of the big cuttlefish, "and getting a full share of the feast." When all was over, no traces were left save "an intensely strong odour as of a rocky coast at low tide in the full blaze of the sun."

FROM A SCOTTISH WORKSHOP.

BY ANDREW LANE.

It is impossible to extricate oneself from the coils of the ballad of "Lord Bateman." A correspondent informs me that it was published at the Catnach Press. Another correctly notes it as a Cockney corruption of "Lord Beichan and Susie Pye." Now Susie Pye is not a likely name for a fair Turkess, and it, in turn, *may* be a corruption of "Sophia," or Sophia a corruption of "Susie Pye," while "Lord Beichan" should be "Lord Buchan," as some do vainly boast. Tilt published "Lord Bateman" long ago; and, according to Bell, "it is mentioned in Thackeray's Collection"—not William Makepeace Thackeray's, but another's. He printed broadsides at the Angel, in Duck Lane, from 1672 to 1688. Young Beichan is identified by Professor Child with Gilbert Becket, father of the murdered or martyred St. Thomas of Canterbury. The piece also exists as a *cante-fable*, or composition in alternate prose and verse, exactly like

Governor Stewart of the Isle of Lemnos on the coast of Ethiopia in ye year 1748 wrot to Scotland a letter for Stewart of Glenbucky concerning Donald McDonell of Scothouse younger, and John Stewart with 20 other prisoners of our countrymen there, to see, if by moyen or ransome they could be relieved. The substance of the Letter, as it came with an Irish Ship this year to Clyde, is as follows:

"That Donald McDonell of Scothouse, younger and first cousin german to John McDonell of Glengarry, and with John Stewart of Acharn and other 20 persons mortally wounded in the Battle of Culloden, were by providence preserved, altho' without mercy cast aboard of a ship in Cromarty Bay the very night of the Battle, and sailed next morning for Portsmouth, where they were cast again aboard of an Indianman to be carried, or transported without doom or law to some of the British plantations, but they had the fate to be taken prisoners by a Salle Rover or a Turkish Privatir or Pirat, who, after strangling the captain and crew, kept the 22 highlanders in their native garb to be admired by the Turks, since they never seed their habit, nor heard their languadgue befor, and as providence would have it, the Turks and Governor Stewart came to see the Varysho, and being a South country hiland man, that went over on the Darien expedition, and yet extant, being

How picturesque, too, is Governor Stuart, of the Isle of Lemnos, off Ethiopia—a survivor of the unhappy Darien Expedition—"still extant"—in the reign of William III! We remember the Grand Vizier who, when negotiating with Marshal Keith—then in the Russian service—led him aside and said, "Eh, ma Lord, it's lang syne we twa forgathered at Aberdeen schule." For the Vizier, too, was a kindly Scot. *Quae regio in terris nostri non plena laboris!* John Stuart of Acharn (if Acharn in Morven, it was my grandfather's place) finds a cousin in the Governor of Lemnos. Doubtless they spoke of Avon dhu and Avon ghel, and of Loch Ari Innes, at Acharn's door, and of bonny Loch Aline. The Macdonnells of Scotus, or Scothouse, owe something to the memory of Will Henderson, who strove for the delivery of their chief. It would be interesting to know if there is any tradition about Scotus in his Oriental prison. Never was man so whisked into fairyland as he who fell, "mortally wounded," on Drumossie day, and woke, as it were, in the hands of the circumcised



VISIT OF THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON TO WEST HAM PARK.

"Aucassin and Nicolet," and is given by Motherwell. It is a queer genealogy—

Gilbert Becket—Daughter of Saracen Emir

Thomas Becket
Ob. sine prole. 1170

Robert of Gloucester's
Life and Martyrdom of
Thomas Becket

Young Bechie and Susie Pye

Young Beichan

Lord Buchan

Lord Bateman and Sophia

Thackeray's Lord Bateman

but a very young boy when he went off, seeing his countrymen, spok to them with surprize in their native tong or language, and by comonung but a sort time in galick, found in whose's army they served, and how they suffered by the fate of war, and disaster, after which he ordered them ashoar, and mitigated their confinement as far as lay'd in his power, but on them landing, by the Turks' gelosie [jealousy?] they were deprived of all writting instraments, for fear they shod give their friends information of the place they were in, and so it would probably happen them during life: if John Stewart of Acharn had not got his remot cousin Governor Stewart to writh a letter and inclosed one from himself giving particular information of Scothouse, wishing and beggung all frinds concerned to procure written orders from the King of France to his Ambassador at Constantinopol for to make all intercession for the releasement of the forsaid Two Gentlemen and other 20 British christians in the King His Majesty's Name, or to recomend their condition to his holyness to see if by ransome they might be relived. And they'll always be grateful to their Deliverurs, to this pious end, I make chuse of you to inform your Master, who's the capablist person under God to do for them, which will with other infinit titles endear you to your fast freinds in Scotland, and especially to your Will Henderson, who lives there 13 years past among the MacDonalds of Clanranald, so I hope you'll make use of what I have wrto, to the end I intend, and God will give the due reward.—I remain, etc."

Observe that the poor Highland prisoners had been "mortally wounded" at Culloden. They were "kilt entirely," not killed, and lived, as we see, to be captives like Lord Beichan or Bateman, who himself returned "to Glasgow town." Then think of the luck of the Highlanders. Their philabegs saved their lives when their English captors were strangled. They were part of "a vary show," as a learned friend thinks "fairy show," but I prefer the reading "raree show." These wondering Turks can hardly have seen Albanians, otherwise the kilt would have been familiar to them. "Ye canna take the breeks off an" Albanian any more than off a Highlander.

On the left side you have the human, on the right the literary progeny of Gilbert Becket; and the fantastic Loving Ballad goes back to the twelfth century! I would like to edit it, with historical and archaeological notes and with Thackeray's and Cruikshank's illustrations. What a book for the collector it would be, three copies ON VELLUM!

Talking of Turks and Christian captives, here is the queerest story, which I found in certain historical researches, pursued, by her Majesty's gracious permission, among the Stuart Papers at Windsor Castle. It is a letter to the Old Chevalier in Rome (1750), asking him to interfere and help certain Highland prisoners of the Turk—

Oct. 8, 1750.

To the King. From W. Henderson in Moydart.

Sir.—After making offer to you of my kind complimets I thought it my indispensable duty to inform you, that one

Turk. Perhaps each gallant Celt found a Susie Pye, or Sophia, to say—

John Stuart of Acharn
I truly vish as you vos mine!

Perhaps Lemnos is now partly peopled by descendants of the Appin clan that broke Barrell's regiment, and, for a moment, took the guns. But the good Gaelic one cannot expect still to find in an island off the coast of Ethiopia, whatever!

THE LORD MAYOR AT WEST HAM.

The fine open space known as West Ham Park was officially inspected on July 4 by the Lord Mayor and sundry members of the Corporation of the City of London. The grounds were opened to the public fourteen years ago, the City of London having then provided £10,000 out of the total £25,000 expended on the park, which has since been under the management of a committee selected conjointly by the City Corporation and the parochial authorities of West Ham. The distinguished visitors were received by the members of this committee at the park gates and proceeded to the raised terrace of the park garden. An address was then read by Mr. John Layton, the chairman of the committee, testifying to the great value of so spacious a pleasure-ground to the surrounding population.



Mr. JOHN LAYTON,

Chairman of West Ham Park Committee.

CYCLOMANIA IN FRANCE.

One is accustomed to look upon England as the great manufacturing centre of the world. With pride we can point to the fact that Englishmen have settled the type of most of the important appliances of modern life. Such a fact as that the rule of the railroad in France is the opposite to the rule of the highway, because our lines were originally laid as if for ordinary driving on our roads and the foreigner followed suit, is an interesting piece of evidence. It is therefore with half a sigh that one finds that our old friends and enemies across the Channel are producing a substantial proportion of the enormous number of cycles used in the lovely land from which we get our wines and fashions. An enormous number indeed: for in the matter of cycling national character shows itself. With us the "bike" has become the fashion, with them the rage. Last year the 10f. tax was paid on almost a quarter of a million machines; this year it is believed by those who have studied the question that about a hundred thousand more will pay duty. To think of a third of a million machines to a population of thirty-eight millions—of one cycle for every one hundred and twenty of the human beings, old, young, in jail, or free, in the French Republic, is astounding. And the mania grows. Boating, football, lawn tennis, and cricket, which were beginning to make headway, have been thrust back; horses, dogs, guns, and fishing-rods are abandoned for the *bicyclette*, and the papers are full of jokes on the wheel and of accounts of races.

After all, the English patriot can smile: we only supply a small proportion of the machines that are used, but almost all the "bikes" in France, as one of their most important features, bear a British invention. The rage began in 1890, when M. Clément introduced the Dunlop pneumatic tyre to the French. He had seen it at the Stanley Show, had guessed its value, rushed off to Dublin, and secured a license for the exclusive manufacture of the tyre in France. A most significant proof of the result of his energy is shown by the equivalent French term for "bike": *bicyclette* is, of course, polite French for a safety bicycle, but the Frenchwoman or man speaking endearingly, speaking hastily, or speaking without dread of dictionary makers,

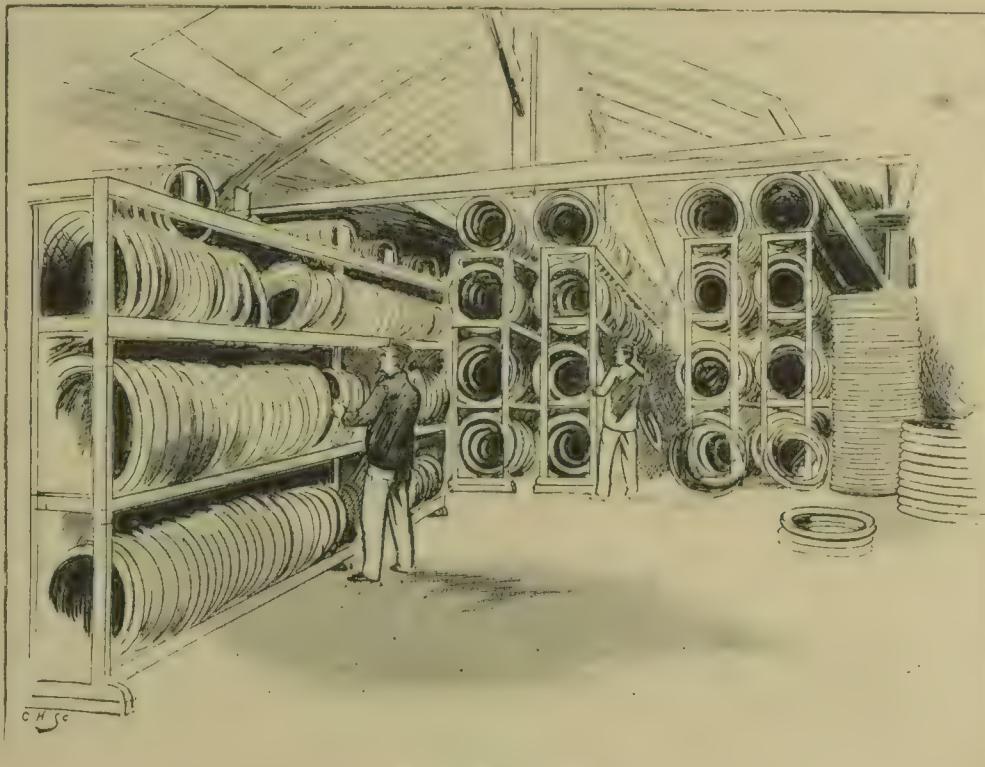
five hundred francs shares in which now sell at seven thousand five hundred—a premium of fifteen hundred per cent.

The company started a factory at Levallois-Perret, close to Neuilly and Asnières, and near the Vélodrome of the Seine, where every Sunday tens of thousands of people from Paris, and even brought in excursion trains from afar, come to see the bicycle races, in which the famous

hundreds of cyclists, a large proportion of them women, skirtless—for the Frenchwoman does not believe in burdening herself needlessly; she has contrived a hundred different kinds of pretty costume, all of them based on the idea that the cycle has killed the convention summed up in the famous phrase, "The Queen of Spain has no legs." In the Avenue stand the show-rooms of Clément et Cie. and the French Dunlop Company, and of Singers—who have a riding-school—and other French, English, and American makers. At the French Dunlop dépôt, though the place is a kind of rabbit-warren of busy clerks, space has been found to store five thousand complete tyres, as well as rims and accessories. At the Clément factory in the Rue Brunel is a warehouse full of cycles made for the P. L. M. Railway, to be used in connection with the enormous goods traffic of the famous line from Paris to Italy. To M. Clément is due the credit for the idea of getting a railway company to adopt the cycle for goods delivery. Even the large factory of the house in the Rue Brunel, and the branch at Tulle, are unable to meet the demand. Last year orders for not less than six thousand machines had to be declined by the firm! Consequently, a new factory is being built by Clément et Cie. at Levallois-Perret, close to the workshops of the French Dunlop Company, which are built on part of the valuable land owned by M. Clément. When the new factory is finished, which will be within a year, the annual output of the house will be increased by twenty thousand machines.

It need hardly be said that the Maison Clément et Cie. use exclusively the Dunlop tyres, the fame of which has gone out through

the world so completely that one may, perhaps, substitute "Dunlop" for "Milton" in Tennyson's famous line: "Milton, a name to resound for ages." Other French makers and English houses in Paris demand the best tyre. Such firms as the Humber, Singer, J. K. Starley, and the Coventry Machinists use no other, while the Dunlop Company has large contracts with the Gladiator Company, the Société Française, the Camiot, Rudge-Whitworth, Centaur, Métropole, and a number of other makers. It is quite wonderful to think that the simple idea of fitting an air-cushion to a wheel, supplemented by a device for rapidly attaching and detaching it, should have given such a prodigious impetus to a new mode of locomotion as to cause it almost to revolutionise the habits of a nation. The cycle has even been the means of stirring up the



TYRE STOCK-ROOM.

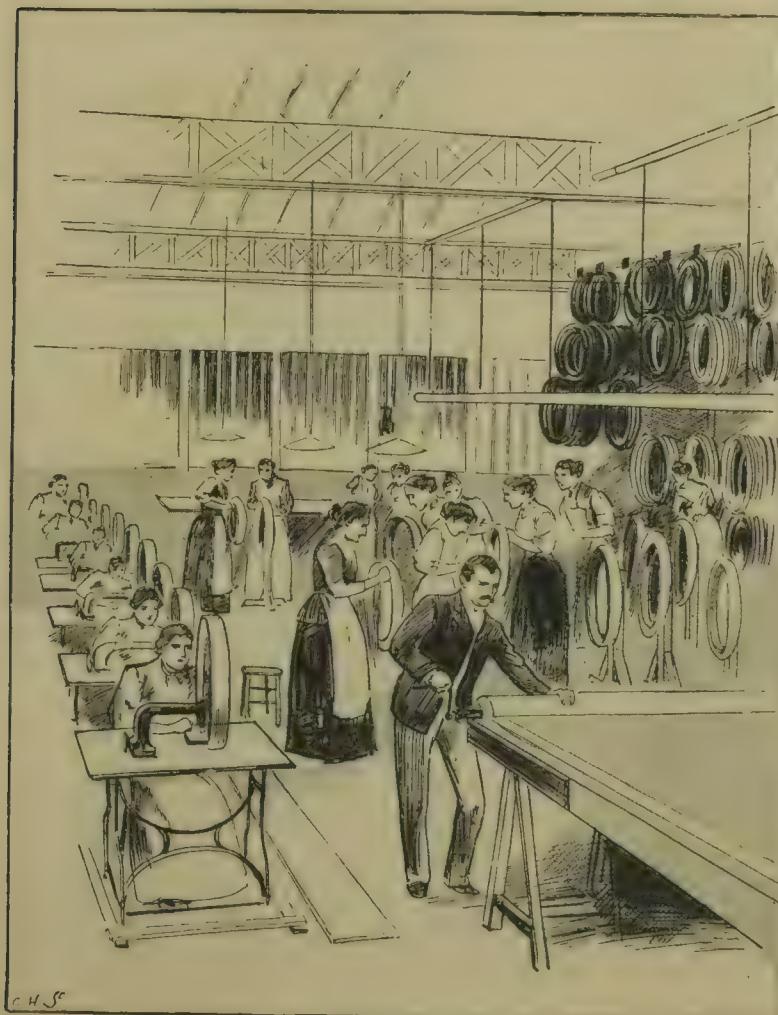
performers of every nation take a part. To be present at the races, to see the frantic excitement of the spectators, and hear the tremendous applause and sometimes awful shouts of disapprobation, is a study in national character. The large, admirably built factory faces the main road and the Seine—the poor river which has lost not a few of its *canotiers* and fishermen since the era of the cyclomania. In it Dunlop tyres are manufactured from start to finish. All the materials are made in France, including the solution used in building up the tyre, of which a ton can be made daily. Here, too, are made the tyres for carriages and auto-cars.

It is a curious but not fanciful idea that the horses may to some extent hold their own against the cycles because of the tyre invented for the cycle. People

have said, "Who will go in a jolting carriage when you can glide smoothly along rough roads on your *pneu*?" The answer will be that the humane folk who wish to save their horses from needless toil, and the sybarites for whom the latest devices in carriage-springs are not sufficient, will have their carriages Dunlop-tyred, and so trip along the roads as smoothly as if on the "bike," and lengthen the lives of their horses by diminishing their labour.

M. Clément's industry was not exhausted in forming the company. From 1878, when safeties were unknown and tricycles could not be seen, when a few of the high-wheeled dangerous *velocipedes* comprehended the cycle world, he had been a maker. The Dunlop Company once started and prosperous, left him free to push the house of Clément et Cie.,

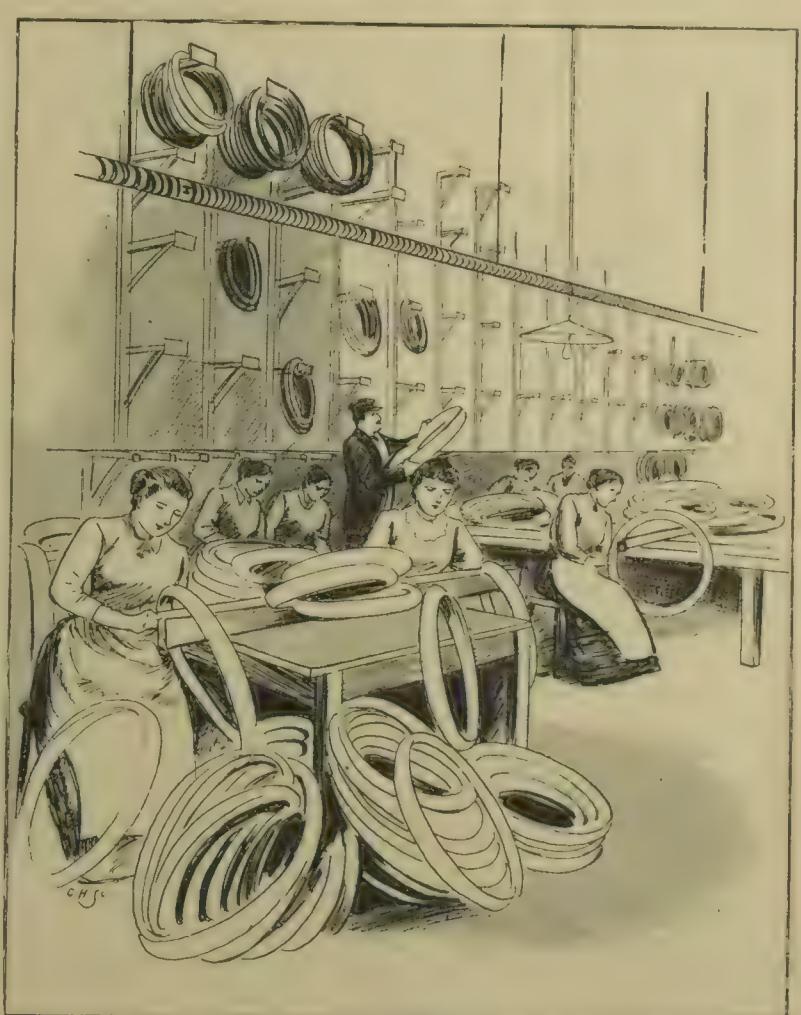
which has a factory at Tulle in Carrèze chiefly for making the valuable labour saving-chain of his invention, another factory in the Rue Brunel, and a dépôt close to it in the Avenue de la Grande Armée. If you go up the quaintly named Elysian Fields, starting from the Place de la Concorde, and pass round the superb Arc de Triomphe and Arc de l'Étoile, on your way to the Bois de Boulogne, you will come to a colony of cycle dépôts and show-rooms, a sort of Holborn Viaduct on a larger scale, in the Avenue de la Grande Armée. On your way you will have passed



FINISHING COVERS.

calls his machine a *pneu*. It was probably the triumph of Laval, on a machine fitted with a Dunlop, over the famous Terront in the road race from Paris to Brest which first caught the public fancy. After that everyone wanted a "Dunlop," and racers hardly ventured to appear on the track without one, since defeat was certain.

For a while the shrewd licensee endeavoured by himself to cope with the demand; in 1893 he found the task too heavy, and so he brought into existence the now well-known Compagnie Française des Pneumatiques Dunlops, the



FINISHING TYRES.

conservative French railway companies, and you can have your cycle taken with you, hung on hooks ingeniously contrived, for the absurd sum of two sous.

Some have pretended that the cycle mania, like that for skating-rinks, would prove ephemeral; but the observer who notices how deeply the *pneu* has sunk into the daily life of France knows well that although the pneumatic-tyred auto-cars may prove a substantial competitor, the French will never go back to the use of their legs, or even of those belonging to the more richly gifted horse.

THE LADIES' PAGE.
DRESS.

It is almost impossible to get my thoughts away from the sales, and yet to be continually repeating the charms of these would lead to the iteration which even Shakspere has voted "damnable." With just a word of acknowledgment to the exceeding lowness of price of silks this season and



A CHAMELEON SILK COSTUME.

the charms of some cotton shirts at 3s. 6d., I shall proceed on my extravagant way and talk about frocks which shall worthily grace the Eton and Harrow cricket-match, Goodwood, and Cowes; at least I will do so when I have described those two dresses which are illustrated on this page. One has been specially devoted to the needs of the half-mourner. It is made of white silk, with the skirt trimmed with three kilted flounces of black chiffon; black chiffon forms the wrinkled sleeves with the short double puff at the top, while the bodice is made of white lace alternating with stripes of black satin ribbon buckled with diamonds, and a corslet of black satin encircles the waist. The hat is of white straw bound round with black velvet ribbon, as all good hats should be to-day, and round the crown are wreathed purple pansies, which perhaps, with their yellow centres, are not strictly mourning; for these, however, by the more conventional, could be easily substituted violets or lilac, or, better still, iris.

The other illustration shows a dress for a matron, made of chameleon silk traced with a silken embroidery round the hem, the same trimming making its appearance on either hip and adorning the bodice and the top portions of the sleeves. The fichu of mauve chiffon is drawn over the shoulders, chiffon also forms the puffs on the sleeves, while small bands of black velvet ribbon are buttoned from the shoulder and cross over the bodice to the waist. These chameleon silks, which are usually shot with three or four colours, have had quite a vogue this season, and they deserve it; they look exceedingly pretty in the sunlight.

Yachting gowns are absorbing a great deal of attention, and for those we naturally seek our Redfern, whom we have weighed in the balance of Time and not found wanting in ideas, only in truth it is difficult to succeed in introducing any large measure of variety into the yachting gown pure and simple. However, our old friend white drill turns up again smiling, and very well it looks trimmed with black and white braid or blue and red braid, or with a short jacket of blue linen it may be cordially recommended. Coarse blue serge is well to the fore—and aft I suppose I may say under the circumstances—and very smart little coats of this are lined with cherry-coloured silk, and show fronts of white piqué, striped with butter-coloured lace. It is difficult to beat for real becomingness the reefer shape of coat, and so that you sufficiently vary your vest, this, if made by an expert, is a pre-eminently desirable possession. Many women have an affection for the sailor hat with the shiny crown and straw brim; personally I detest it, and can find nothing to say in its favour. The sailor hat, however, of straw, with the plain black ribbon, with its yacht-flag embroidered upon it, is always a success, and certainly to the reefer coats the buttons enamelled with the yacht-flags are a great addition. Blue serge dresses, made in more fanciful style, look very well with corslet belts of shot silk, the upper portion of the bodice being made of some harmonious embroidery, the sleeves and skirt to be of the blue serge under its simplest aspect. An excellent white serge which I have seen was trimmed with rows of white braid of two

widths, set closely together up to the knees: the bodice of this, which was full and set in box-pleats over either shoulder, overhung the belt of tan leather and displayed a front of cream-coloured lace, with the collar-band of turquoise blue. The same idea will commend itself in heliotrope if one could only discover a heliotrope serge amiable enough to withstand the sea and the sun; this may exist, but as yet it has not come my way, although the heliotrope covert coating performs its duties most admirably.

Of course many of the gowns which fretted their charming hour at Ascot will do duty again at the Eton and Harrow cricket-match; but at Goodwood we find it impossible to utilise them, it being quite without the bounds of our social existence to permit our friends to have the opportunity of saying, "Oh! how nice you look, dear! You wore that frock at Ascot, didn't you?" And this is the sort of thing our friends will say to us if we dare to perpetrate such an economy. At Lord's it is a different matter; we are not supposed to be so exceedingly smart; and at Goodwood races it is more *en règle* to wear the cloth dress than to wear the more frivolous attire. Why this should be I know not, but it is; and the lightest of greys and cream-coloured cloths will be putting in their appearance at this popular race-meeting, allied, no doubt, to violet hats trimmed with violet feathers, and to the latest variety of boat-shape, which I may say turns up very sharply at either side and is to be met trimmed with velvet and decked with a large group of flowers setting high above the crown at the left. A very light grey alpaca gown, well made and well braided and lined with white satin, will look charming if allied to a flat pleated white muslin front finished at the neck with a white linen collar, and an Indian tie with a strong note of green in its composition crowned with a green hat trimmed with shot green and blue soft quills and green ribbons.

Again am I reminded of the letters which are unopened before me—reminded of them to open them and to send "Hebe" my sincere regards and my cordial advice to go to Josephine Hayhurst, 9, Old Burlington Street, and see a purple cloth dress, striped with black silk guipure, which is lined throughout with silk, and to be bought at the present moment for five guineas. I am anxious to tell "Janey F." that her serge dress is quite wearable if she will reduce the fullness of the sleeves and make the basque somewhat shorter, but no fuller; she will find that it will look quite nice when worn with plainly tucked white shirts, which she can buy at any of the sales—at Peter Robinson's, for instance.

PAULINA PRY.

NOTES.

It was pretty, eye-witnesses say, to see the merriment of the Princess of Wales at the situation when her husband, as the Chancellor, had to confer on her the first of the honorary degrees of the new Welsh University. It was eminently fitting that a lady should be the first to be thus distinguished, as it was beneficial to the new institution that the Princess consented to allow her presence to be taken advantage of to emphasise the fact that the new University is to be the most thoroughly and freely open to women of any such educational endowment of the kingdom. In its charter there is no distinction at all of sex, and women are theoretically as eligible for even its professorships as men; of course, all degrees are open to ladies, while there is an excellent building for the residence of female students. I should add that women of all parts of the United Kingdom are as free to enter as natives of the Principality.

Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck, opened on Monday last the "Somerset Village Home" for inebriate women that Lady Henry Somerset and her British Women's Temperance Association have founded. It differs (as Lady Henry explained to a large and fashionable assemblage under the presidency of Sir Algernon West) from any previous effort of the kind in England, in that it takes women too poor to pay all the expenses of their own treatment and maintenance, and that it provides them with outdoor work in farm and garden, instead of sedentary work, or the debilitating and hard laundry work that, as Lady Henry sarcastically observed, "is usually considered the one path to salvation for penitent women." Princess Mary drove from her home, and the town of Reigate was prettily decorated in her honour.

The Princess of Wales has ordered two dress pieces from the Bradford patterns for Princess Maud's trousseau. In doing so H.R.H. expressed her admiration of all the stuffs shown, and added that, in her opinion, the Bradford weavers had nothing to fear from foreign competition.

In the sales, the most astonishing feature this year is the cheapness of the coloured silks. We read in the newspapers a little while ago about silks being produced from wood fibre, and one looks wonderingly at the silks on sale at such a house as Peter Robinson's just now, and wonders if the silkworms of the world can have been induced to produce so cheaply, and if it is not time they struck for better wages! However, wood or obliging silkworms, the prices are amazing, and especially so in regard to the Japanese silks. These are a little coarse, or, in the alternative, a little flimsy, but they are exceedingly pretty, and the competition of this ingenious and economically living people must be regarded with some anxiety by Europe.

I am ashamed, though, to speak lightly of the prices even now, for it is a fact that wages are lower in the silk industry at present than in almost any other skilled occupation. This fact is stated in an interesting but sad little volume, just published, by Miss Jessie Boucherett, and entitled "The Condition of Working Women and the Factory Acts." Miss Boucherett was the originator of the Society for the Employment of Women so long ago as 1859, and her whole life has been devoted to this branch of philanthropy. It grieves her now to see the panacea for low wages and overcrowded occupations being sought in the legal interference with women's hours and departments of industry. To my mind the arguments against this that she brings are unanswerable. She names certain

trades in which women have actually been turned out of the work entirely, because the greater cheapness of their labour was more than counterbalanced to the employer by the fact that they are not allowed by law to work overtime when necessary. From other trades women have been, and yet more are about to be, excluded on the ground that those employments are dangerous to health; men there will replace the women, of course, and, as Miss Boucherett asks, why not let the women choose for themselves if dangerous work is not better than no work? Why not, she asks, prevent men from following unhealthy trades—say, from being tailors, because so many of them suffer from consumption, which they transmit to offspring, just as much as women working in the white-lead factories are injured by the poisoning of their blood, and may injure their children?

Much work in the world, alas! is dangerous and trying, and the hours are often too long, and the pay is insufficient. On that we are all agreed, and those of us who think that legislation simply forbidding women to gain their living by such hours and in such occupations must accentuate the evil are decidedly in the minority. The Factory Acts are a proof of the triumph of the opposite opinions in high places, and even amongst the women of the working class themselves the same opinion has a strong hold. Last week there was held a large Congress of Lancashire and Yorkshire women co-operators, and a series of resolutions was passed by them in favour of the extension of restrictive laws on women's industries. They see the good effect of laws restricting the hours in the very exceptional trades that are their staple, the cotton and woollen textile industries; in those trades—the cotton especially—the work of women was too extensively employed to allow of their being superseded by men, and so they were able simply to carry the men with them to shorter hours by the law that nominally affected women only. It is not wonderful, perhaps, that working women should not be able to take an impartial view of the conditions of work at large, so different as most of it is from their own circumstances.

But, after all, it is only a repetition by a new class in power of past efforts to regulate industry by law. The history of English labour is full of records of Acts of Parliament passed to regulate wages and hours in the supposed interests of employers in the days when they alone had power to make laws—and each of those laws has in turn proved a failure and been discarded, no doubt after it had caused great sufferings. But if one generation learned by the errors and sorrows of a preceding one, either in private or public life, the millennium would arrive sooner than seems now probable!

It was stated at the meeting of the Society for Promoting the Return of Women as Poor-law Guardians last week, that there are now 890 ladies holding that position



A HALF-MOURNING DRESS.

in England and Wales, and forty in Scotland; just about half of the Boards of Guardians in England and Wales have women members.

Messrs. Heal and Son, of 195, Tottenham Court Road, have issued a special new catalogue of bed-room furniture, with many charming illustrations of fitted bed-rooms, this branch of house-furnishing being a specialty of theirs. All their work is done on the premises, so that they can guarantee it. Anyone refurnishing or beginning a home cannot do better than send for this catalogue.

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VOGELER'S CURATIVE COMPOUND

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of one of London's
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Physicians.



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HER TESTIMONY AND EVIDENCE
CLEAR AND STRONG.

RINGING WORDS OF HOPE AND CHEER
WHICH WILL COMFORT MANY HEARTS.

THE VALUABLE INFORMATION AND
GOOD ADVICE A TALENTED WOMAN
CAN GIVE.

AS a nation we owe much to our training schools for nurses, for without these preparatory institutions it would not be possible for us who reside in the larger cities of Great Britain to at all times provide ourselves and our families when necessary with competent and experienced day and night nurses, who in many instances are the means of saving the life of a patient.

In addition to their qualifications as nurses, many of them possess a knowledge of pharmacy and medicine which some of our so considered best physicians might, if they would, take pattern from.

We refer particularly now to Nurse Alice, or Sister Alice, as she is termed by the medical profession in London.

Our Motto is:

Vogeler's

Nurse Alice is always in demand when a West End doctor has a desperate case on hand, where the life of a patient is hanging in the balance. In a case where careful, scientific nursing is of more importance than medicine, the services of Nurse Alice are always sought after. She inspires confidence when she enters into the sick room. With her quiet, half-sad, intelligent face, she takes in the whole situation at a glance. The skilled medical practitioner gives her but few instructions; it is not necessary, she knows herself what is required; she takes the lives of patients into her own hands, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, pulls them through, unless the doctor in attendance blunders in his diagnosis.

But let us read what she says about one of her own favourite remedies, which she has used in her own case, as well as in many cases where she has had the opportunity of demonstrating its great value. Her advice is worthy of the most careful consideration on account of the great reputation she enjoys, and her words are especially



PAINTED FROM LIFE.]

AN OFFERING TO ESCULAPIUS.

[REGISTERED.]

The Original Picture is the property of The Charles A. Vogeler Co., 45, Farringdon Road, London,
Proprietors and Manufacturers of Vogeler's Curative Compound and St. Jacobs Oil.

valuable because of their great encouragement to all classes of sufferers:—

"Through over-work night and day for a long time, I became dreadfully nervous, weak, dizzy, faint, exhausted from nervous prostration and dyspepsia, and a complication of female ailments, until I became quite unable to follow my calling. I was attended by several well-known, eminent

physicians, who utterly failed to even benefit me temporarily, until finally I had given up all hope. One day while I lay on a bed of pain and suffering, from which I never expected to rise, a case came into my mind where I was employed as a nurse, in many respects parallel to my own, and where the doctors as a last resource prescribed a well-known remedy, which, greatly to the surprise of all of us, performed almost a miracle. I immediately directed my attendant to get the medicine. I began taking it, and continued its use a week before I began to note any improvement, then my own experience in the sick room enabled me to feel a change in myself. I followed the treatment, and in a few weeks was able to sit up, and later on to drive and walk. Now I am perfectly well. I took no other medicine from the time I took the first dose of Vogeler's Curative Compound, which is the medicine I refer to; since then I have given it to many whom I have been called to as a nurse, and in every case the result has been a cure. I gave it one day to a lady suffering as I was from great nervous prostration and chronic dyspepsia, who had been unable to get relief from four doctors. She

Cures.

is now well and happy, and says 'my medicine,' as she calls it, saved her from her grave.

"I now wish to say that if women, between the ages of forty and fifty-five, would take Vogeler's Curative Compound regularly, there would not be so many die when they come to the great change which takes place in their lives; women everywhere who read this should not lose time, but begin at once with this medicine. I hear it named and blessed on all sides."

Nurse Alice's advice is indorsed by most of the leading doctors of the present day, for they have found it to be a wonderful discovery, of incalculable value.

It has been proved in thousands of cases, time and again; it cures when everything else has failed.

Vogeler's Curative Compound is the discovery of an eminent London physician, and therefore is not a patent medicine in the general acceptance of the term. It is sold by all reliable dealers in medicine at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d. per bottle, and is worth its weight in gold. All sufferers should give it a trial.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated July 3, 1895) of Mr. Donald Larnach, of Brambletye, East Grinstead, and Old Broad Street, who died on May 12 at Kensington Palace Gardens, was proved on July 2 by James Walker Larnach and Sydney Larnach, the sons, and David George, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £619,935. The testator gives £500, all his household furniture, pictures, plate, etc., £2000 per annum, and the use during her life of Brambletye, to his wife; £25,000, upon trust, for his daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Walker Margary; £25,000, upon trust, for William Donald George Larnach; £20,000 each, upon trust, for Maud Edith Larnach and Charlotte Jane Frances Larnach; £300 per annum to his daughter-in-law, Charlotte Larnach, during her widowhood; and £120 per annum for twenty years to his executor, David George. He devises Brambletye, subject to the life interest of his wife, and all his real estate in Sussex, to his son James Walker Larnach; his property in Fort Street, Sydney, N.S.W., to his son Sydney Larnach; and his estate called Bottisford and all his landed property in Suffolk to William Donald George Larnach. The residue of his property he leaves to his two sons, James Walker and Sydney, in equal shares as tenants in common. The testator states that he has not made any further provision for his wife, as she is well provided for by her marriage settlement and the will of her father.

The will (dated Jan. 25, 1895) of Colonel John Thomas North, of Avery Hill, Eltham, Kent, who died on May 5, has been proved by Mrs. Jane North, the widow, Harry North, the son, George Alexander Lockett, the son-in-law, and John Wreford Budd, the executors and trustees, the value of the property on which duty has been paid amounting to £453,091. The testator bequeaths his personal jewellery, watches, etc., to his son Harry; the use and enjoyment of his presentation plate to his said son, for life, and then to his eldest son; such of his plate, linen, china, glass, books, pictures, articles of virtue, furniture, and other articles of household use or ornament as she may select to the value of £2000, such of his horses, carriages, saddlery, harness, and stable furniture (except such as are connected with his racing and breeding establishments), as she may select to the value of £500, and an immediate legacy of £10,000 to his wife; £5000 to his sister, Mrs. Emma Taylor, and £2500 each to her daughters, Louisa Maud Dickinson and Florence Pratt; £5000 to his niece, Mary Emma Beasley, and £2500 each to his children, Beatrice and May; £2500 to his niece, Rosa North (the daughter of his deceased brother, Harry North); and £2500 to each child of his brother, Gamble North. Inasmuch as his trustees may be required to give considerable time and attention to the administration of the trusts of his will, he gives, during the continuance of such trusts, to each of them as a remuneration £500 per annum for the first ten years from his death, and £250 per annum thereafter. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves one equal share upon trust to pay the income to his wife during widowhood, and after her death,

or future marriage, then to go with his children's shares; one equal share to his son Harry absolutely; one equal share upon trust for his daughter Emma for life, and then for her issue as she shall appoint, but with power to appoint an annual sum not exceeding £2500 to any husband who may survive her; and the remaining one equal share, upon trust as to one half thereof, for his son, Arthur Jewell, on his attaining twenty-one, absolutely, and as to the other half to pay the income to him until he shall attain twenty-eight years, and then for him absolutely. The testator states that he has made presents of large amounts to his son Harry and his daughter Emma, and may make further presents to them and presents to his son Arthur, and he declares that such presents are to be treated as absolute gifts, and not as advances; he also states that he has given jewellery of considerable value to his wife, and that he wishes the same, at her death, to be distributed by her in equal shares among his three children; and he requests her to execute a declaration of trust for the purpose of carrying into effect such wishes. In the event of her preferring to retain such jewellery to deal with as she may think fit, the share of his residuary estate to be held upon trust for her is to be reduced by £30,000. All legacies and benefits given by his will are to be paid and enjoyed free of all duty.

The will (dated July 3, 1894) of Mr. Octavius Vaughan Morgan, J.P., of 13, The Boltons, South Kensington, and of the firm of Morgan Brothers, 42, Cannon Street, E.C., M.P. for Battersea 1885-92, who died on Feb. 26, was proved on June 26 by Mrs. Katharine Anne Morgan, the widow, Walter Vaughan Morgan, and Septimus Vaughan Morgan, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £149,413. The testator bequeaths £500, his house, with the furniture and contents, and £4000 per annum during her life, to his wife; £200 each to his executors; £100 each to his godchildren, Clara Skinner, Sybil Morgan, Gwyn Morgan, and Ethel Morgan; and £100 each to his brothers and sister, and their respective wives and husband. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves between his son, Percy Vaughan Morgan, and his daughter, Mrs. Lucy Marianne Vaughan Brunner, the share of Mrs. Brunner to be less by £26,000, the amount settled upon her on her marriage.

The will (dated April 24, 1894), with a codicil (dated Oct. 2, 1895), of Mr. Henry John Simonds, of Caversham, Reading, who died on Jan. 25, was proved on June 30 by Henry Caversham Simonds, the son, and William John Muller, the son-in-law, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £148,556. The testator gives £500 and certain articles of furniture and ornament to his wife; his gold watch, all his wearing apparel, and £150 to his man-servant; twenty shares of £20 each in H. and G. Simonds, upon trust, for his mother-in-law, Madame Pilatè, for life, and then between his five daughters; all his preference shares and one moiety of his ordinary shares of H. and G. Simonds between his daughters, Mary A. Muller, Helen Isabel Caulfield, Isa Florence Quarry, Mabel Constance May, and Julietta Mabson; and the other moiety of such shares to his

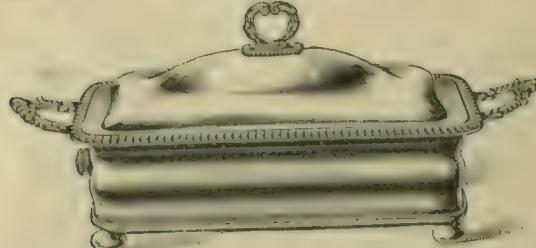
son, Henry Caversham Simonds. Under the powers of his two marriage settlements he appoints the sums of £15,000 (subject to the life interest of his wife) and £10,000, upon trust, for his said five daughters. He devises his mansion-house at Caversham, with the furniture and effects therein, to his son Henry, together with all other real property in Oxfordshire, but such last mentioned property is charged with the payment of £100 per annum to his wife. The residue of his property he leaves between all his children in equal shares, the shares of his daughters to be held, upon trust, for them for life, and then for their respective children. He appoints his son Henry a director of H. and G. Simonds, Limited.

The will (dated March 27, 1895), with a codicil (dated May 20 following), of Colonel Edward Birch Reynardson, C.B., of Rushington Manor, Hants, who died on May 10, was proved on June 25 by Vere Henry Birch Reynardson, the son, and Aubrey Henry Birch Reynardson, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £85,883. The testator appoints the funds of his marriage settlement equally between his son Vere and his daughter, Mrs. Rose Catherine Bainbridge. He gives £5000 to his said daughter; £300 to his granddaughter, Geraldine Rose Augusta Birch Reynardson; £100 to Aubrey Henry Birch Reynardson; £40 each to his grandchildren, Kathleen, Gwendoline, Dorothy, and John Bainbridge and Edward Vere Birch Reynardson; and a legacy to his butler. The residue of his property he leaves to his son Vere absolutely.

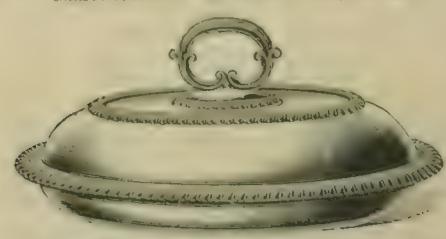
The will (dated Oct. 6, 1888), with a codicil (dated Dec. 31, 1890), of Mr. John Michell, J.P., D.L., of Forcett Park, Darlington, and Glassel, Kincardine, N.B., who died on Jan. 18 at 11, New Cavendish Street, was proved on June 24 by Captain Charles Michell and Archibald Robert Michell, the sons and executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to £37,097. Under the will of his late grandmother, Mrs. Margaret Michell, power was given to him to dispose of certain property, he therefore now gives thereout £10,000 to his daughter Sophia Michell; £19,000 to his son Archibald Robert Michell; £4000 each, upon trust, for his sons Edward John Michell and Algernon Percy Michell, and the remainder thereof to his son Charles Michell. He appoints the residue of the funds of his marriage settlement (certain sums having already been appointed to his children) to his daughter Sophia. All his plate, pictures, family portraits, and works of art are to be held as heirlooms, and to follow the settlement of his Forcett Park estate. With the exception of a few small legacies and specific gifts, the testator leaves the residue of his property between his two sons, Charles and Archibald Robert.

The will (dated Jan. 17, 1884) of Mr. Harry Wright Atkin, of Norton Lees, Highgate, and the Truro Works, Sheffield, who died on June 2, was proved on June 26 by Mrs. Bridget Atkin, the widow, and George Duckworth Atkin, the son, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate being £34,335. Subject to the gift of his household furniture, pictures, plate, etc., to his wife, the testator leaves all his real and personal estate,

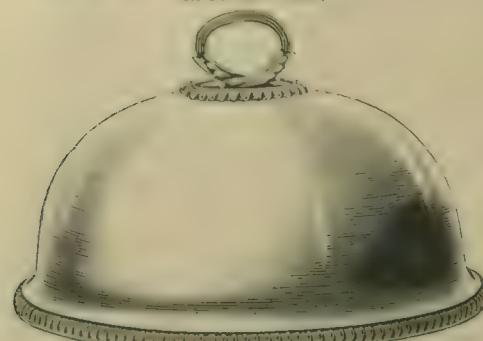
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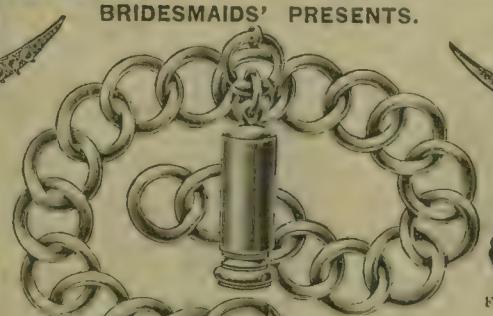
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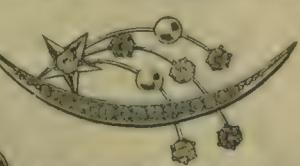
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The New Fine Gold
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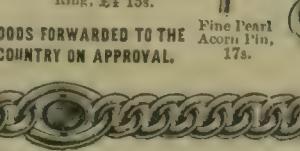
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Fine Turquoise and Pearl Chain Bracelet, £4 10s.

upon trust, for her, for life, and then to all their children as she shall by will or deed appoint.

The will (dated March 18, 1896, of the Hon. William Thomas Wentworth Fitzwilliam, second surviving son of Earl Fitzwilliam, of the Ferry, Peterborough, who died on March 23 at Wentworth Woodhouse, was proved on June 27 by Lady Alice Mary Wentworth Fitzwilliam, the sister and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate being £24,794. With the exception of a legacy of £100 to his servant, George Still, the testator leaves all his property, upon trust, for his daughter, Elgiva Mary K. Fitzwilliam.

The will (dated Feb. 9, 1880), with three codicils (dated March 3, 1894; March 7, 1895, and June 1, 1896), of Mr. Frederick John Blake, of 2, Marlborough Gate, Hyde Park, and 1, Brunswick Square, Brighton, who died on June 8, was proved on June 26 by Arthur Troup Blake, the brother, and Charles Thomas Orford, the nephew, the value of the personal estate being £20,856. The testator gives £100 each to the Foundling Hospital, the Benevolent Institution of the said Hospital, the Curates' Augmentation Fund, and the Church Missionary Society; £500 to the Cabmen and Cabdrivers' Benevolent Society; £5000 upon trust for Mrs. Currie and her daughter Helena Sarah May Currie; £2000 each to George F. Blake, Annie Ward, and Lilley Mary Capon; £1000 each to Frederick W. Blake and Charles Thomas Orford; £4000 upon trust for Bertha Blake; £500 to Arthur Troup Blake; and large legacies to clerks and

servants in his employ. He devises 1, Brunswick Square, Brighton, with the furniture and contents thereof, to the said Helena Sarah M. Currie. The residue of his property he leaves to his nephew, Charles Thomas Orford.

The will of Mr. Charles Beckwith Franco, of 63, Cadogan Place, Chelsea, who died on May 4, was proved on June 24 by Mrs. Augusta Frances France, the widow, and Miss Frances Harriet Mary France, the daughter, two of the executrices, the value of the personal estate being £16,208.

The will of the Rev. John Fisher, D.D., Senior Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, who died on May 30, was proved on June 15 by Sir John Arbuthnot Fisher, K.C.B., the sole executor, the value of the personal estate being £4207 4s. 5d.

The will of Captain Christopher Theodore Peacey Keene, of 11, Queen's Gate, Hyde Park, who died on May 3, was proved on June 29 by Mrs. Mary Ellen Keene, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate being £777.

Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein on July 1 opened the new wing of the Froebel Kindergarten Institute at West Kensington, established by the efforts of the late Mrs. Salis Schwabe; and on Saturday her Royal Highness opened the new Holiday Home for Boys at Bishopsgate, adjacent to Windsor Park, of which she has been the chief promoter.

ART NOTES.

Some of the best traditions of English water-colour art were sustained with unflagging spirit by the late Mr. H. G. Hine, who began painting when he was yet a boy, and was still at work when he passed away last year at the age of eighty-four. If not altogether self-taught, he found for himself the means of getting such instruction as Brighton afforded three-quarters of a century ago. At the Fine Art Society's Gallery there is now a selection from his works, embracing his most successful period, and bearing witness to his earlier as well as to his later surroundings. For fifty years the public have chiefly known Mr. Hine as the painter *par excellence* of the Sussex Downs, with their deep coombes filled with vaporous shadow or bright in the midday sun, or more often in the softer light of evening when land and sea mingle in perfect harmony. This exhibition, however, shows that although the South Downs were, above all, his favourite haunts, and gave to the artist his best sources of inspiration, he still retained the memory of other surroundings among which his life was spent. Brighton, as it appeared seventy years ago to his boyish eye, mellowed by subsequent observation, is the subject of at least one interesting picture; while his stay in France, which took place in his early youth, is marked by a sketch of the "Cathedral Cloisters at Rouen." The latter have changed but little, except in their immediate surroundings, from what they appeared to Mr. Hine; but "Brighton Beach" before

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'In Life's Play the Player of the Other Side is Hidden from us. We know that his Play is always Fair, Just, and Patient, but we also know to our Cost that he Never Overlooks a Mistake. *It is for you to find out WHY YOUR EARS ARE BOXED.*'—HUXLEY.

"I may say that for over ten years I have used ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' pretty freely, and, under trying conditions of life and climate, have never needed any other Medicine while yours was procurable. In tropical Queensland and the TERRIBLY HOT FEVER-STRICKEN GOLDFIELDS of West Australia I have put my faith solely in Old 'ENO,' and I am happy to say always pulled through by its help. In New Guinea—A NOTED FEVER SPOT—ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' worked marvels among a party of Gold-Miners of which I was the leader. Every morning we religiously took a dose of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' and FEVER LOST ITS TERRORS. You are at liberty to make any use of this you like. Yours truly, 'W. S.' Sydney, New South Wales, Nov. 27, 1895."

BANGKOK, SIAM.—"We have for the last four years used ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' during several important survey expeditions in the Malay Peninsula, Siam, and Cambod'a, and have undoubtedly derived great benefit from it. In one instance only was one of our party attacked with fever during that period, and that happened after our supply of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' had run out. When making long marches under the powerful rays of a vertical sun, or travelling through swampy districts, we have used ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' two or three times a day in the following manner and proportions: At daybreak two teaspoonfuls mixed with the juice of a raw lime, and a little sugar, in a tumbler of water; shortly afterwards a light meal of tea or coffee, bread and fruit; about midday one small spoonful with raw lime-juice and water; and before retiring for the night, another teaspoonful in water. ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' used as aforesaid, acts as a gentle aperient, keeps the blood cool and healthy, and WARDS OFF FEVER. We have pleasure in voluntarily testifying to the value of your preparation and our firm belief in its efficacy. We never go into the jungle without it, and have also recommended it to others.—Yours truly, Commander A. J. LOFTUS, his Siamese Majesty's Hydrographer; E. C. DAVIDSON, Superintendent Siamese Government Telegraphs, Bangkok, Siam."

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THE SECRET OF SUCCESS—STERLING HONESTY OF PURPOSE... WITHOUT IT LIFE IS A SHAM.

The Value of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' cannot be told. Its success in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Australia, and New Zealand proves it. THERE IS NO DOUBT that where it has been taken in the Earliest Stages of a Disease it has in innumerable instances PREVENTED A SERIOUS ILLNESS. The Effect of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' on a disordered or FEVERISH CONDITION of the System is SIMPLY MARVELLOUS.

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it you have been imposed on by a WORTHLESS Imitation.

Prepared only at ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

ALL GOODS SOLD AT WHOLESALE PRICES. Designs are exact size, and all Goods sent free and safe by Post. Illustrated Catalogue of Novelties in Jewellery, Silver, and Electro Plate (3000 Illustrations) Post Free.



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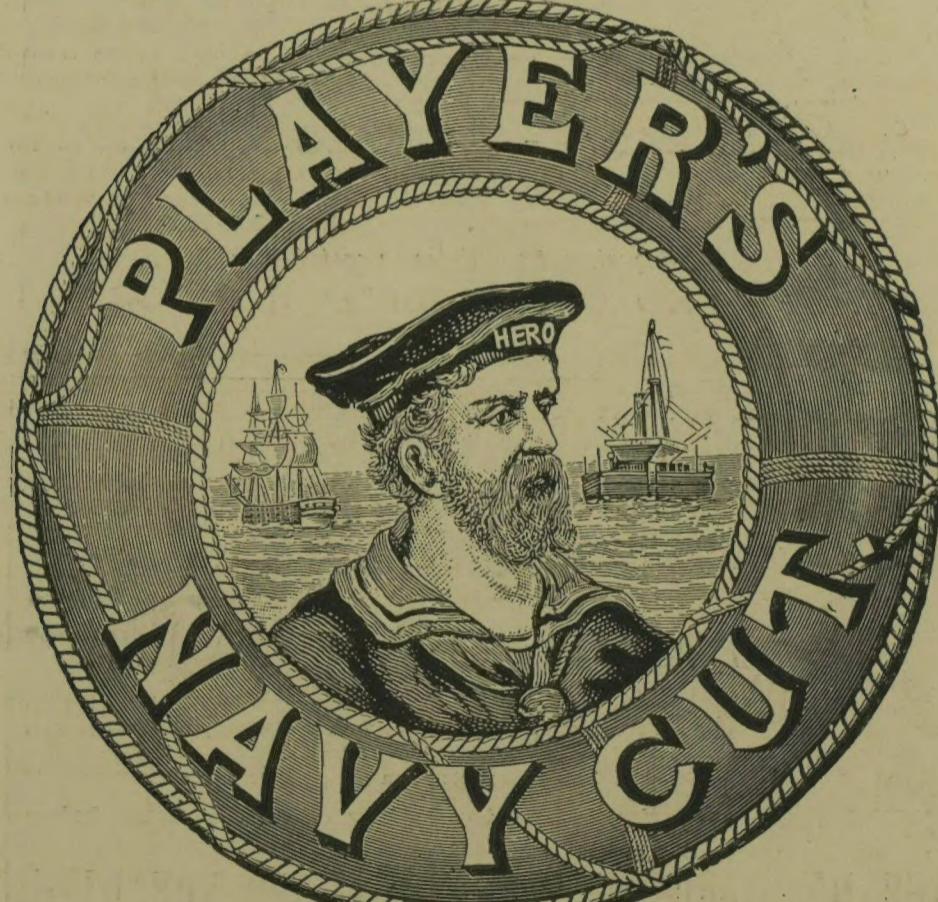
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Ask all Tobacco Sellers, Stores, &c., and take no other.

THE GENUINE BEARS THE TRADE MARK,

"NOTTINGHAM CASTLE,"
ON EVERY PACKET AND TIN.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES.

In Packets containing 12, and Boxes containing 24, 50, and 100.

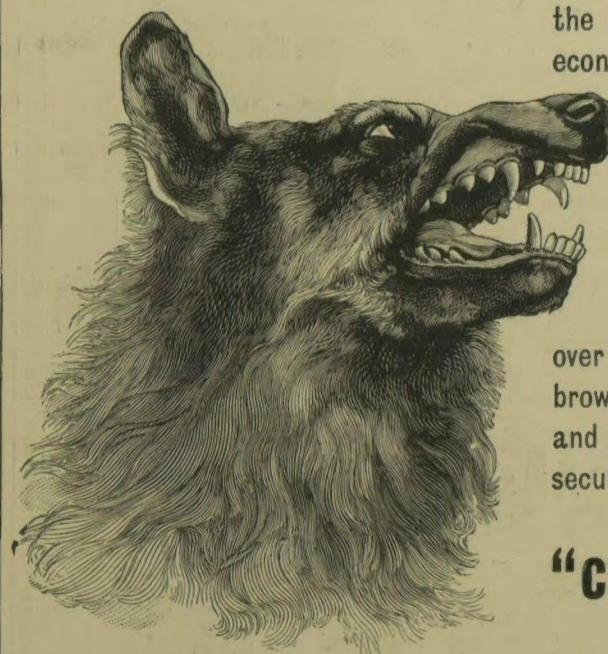
PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES are now supplied in a new size, viz., "MAGNUMS." They are packed in Pocket Tins containing 16, and in 50's and 100's.

WHEN STRIVING TO
**KEEP THE WOLF
FROM THE DOOR**

REMEMBER THAT IT IS NOT
ALWAYS

the cheapest that is the most
economic; the vast superiority
of

HOVIS



over any other bread, either
brown or white, both in its bone
and muscle making substances,
secures for it the coveted position
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"CHEAPEST & BEST."

Highest Award at the Food and Cookery
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IMITATION IS THE SINCEREST FLATTERY.

The Public are Cautioned against accepting from
Bakers spurious imitations of "HOVIS," which,
having met with such unprecedented success, is being
copied in many instances as closely as can be done
without risk.

If any difficulty be experienced in obtaining "HOVIS,"
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please write, sending sample (the cost of which will be
defrayed), to

S. FITTON & SON, Millers, Macclesfield.

6d. or 1s. Sample on receipt of Stamps.

"Kemp" built his town or Brunel his railroad, is a very different scene. In like manner he has left us a little note of the great storm at Brighton in 1826, when the Chain Pier was nearly destroyed and the Steyne partially inundated; and doubtless, if search could be made, many other interesting memorials from his hand of "Brighthelmstone" and its neighbourhood might be found. It is, however, by his more mature works, in which a tender appreciation of nature and restrained expression of his feeling are found, that Mr. Hine must be judged and his place among the painters in water colours of this century finally determined. The country round Lewes, Cowdray, Midhurst, and Fittleworth attracted him most persistently; but in his studies farther afield, especially along the Dorset coast, we recognise the same beauty of line and sobriety of colour by which the late Vice-President of the Institute's work was specially marked.

At the same gallery there is a smaller collection of sketches by a still living member of the Royal Institute, Mr. Claude Hayes, who also seeks his subjects occasionally in Sussex. He is, however, more at home in more cultivated districts, where richer foliage and brighter contrasts abound. Along the course of the Kennet, or where the Berkshire chalk downs meet the green sand of the Hampshire Hills, Mr. Hayes is to be seen at his best. He has an eye for the picturesque, and is not afraid of representing Nature as vividly as she presents herself to his eyes. When he wanders off to East Anglia and indicates spots or effects

among the Reedham meadows, the Belton Flats, or on the Herring Fleet Marshes, we feel that he is still a trustworthy guide, who can help us to look for what those districts best offer, and who recalls vividly the scenes which have most merited our attention.

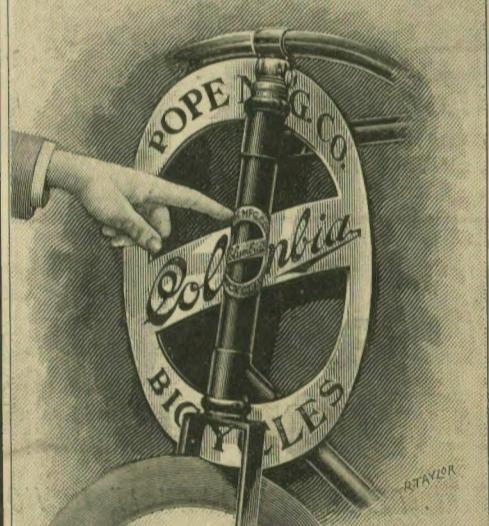
The first part of Mr. Franz Hanfstaengl's "Pictures in the National Gallery" foreshadows the production of a work worthy of the subject. Some of the most important improvements in the art of photography are connected with the present publishers, who, originally established at Munich, have now made themselves equally well known in London and New York. Mr. Hanfstaengl's object is to produce a sumptuous volume consisting of ten parts, which shall give an adequate idea of the contents of the National Gallery. Each part will contain at least ten full-page detached photographs, and about half as many more will be incorporated with the text. The letterpress is furnished by Mr. C. L. Eastlake; and if we may judge of the remainder of the work by the first part (dealing with the earlier Tuscan painters) the volume will be written in a spirit of appreciative criticism, far more valuable to students than is common to such works. For example, Mr. Eastlake hesitates—and very naturally—to claim the two pictures respectively assigned to Giotto and Cimabue as authentic works. But this doubt as to their origin in no way mars their beauty, which is perfectly translated by the Hanfstaengl process. As there are nearly nine hundred works by the Old Masters in our National Collection it is

obviously impossible to reproduce all in a form which is in any degree practical or portable. We are promised, however, about one-third of the whole Gallery, and this number should include all the recognised *chefs d'œuvre* which interest alike the artist and the amateur.

The "Catalogue of National Portraits" in the "National Art Library" (Eyre and Spottiswoode) has been produced under conditions which render a public investigation almost obligatory. It was stated in Parliament last week that some five hundred pounds had been already paid on account of its production, but it would be more satisfactory to know from other sources than the mouthpiece of the Science and Art Department whether this will cover the whole liability involved. The reasons for embarking upon the undertaking are, at present, as obscure as those which determined the choice of the editor, who, so far as we know, is not connected with the South Kensington Art Library. The custom observed in the British Museum Print Room is for the assistants to compile the necessary catalogues as part of their regular duties, and those who have had occasion to make use of the volumes prepared by Mr. Lionel Cust, Mr. L. Binyon, and others, will know with what care the work is carried out. The want of anything in the shape of an index to the "Catalogue of National Portraits" renders it practically useless as a work of reference, whilst the extraordinary statements, or rather mis-statements, with which it teems, make it wholly untrustworthy as an epitome of information.

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CHARLENE FOR THE HAIR
THE GREAT HAIR PRODUCER & RESTORER
The finest dressing, specially prepared and perfumed, fragrant and refreshing.

IS A LUXURY AND A NECESSITY TO EVERY MODERN TOILET.
"CHARLENE" Produces Luxuriant Hair, Prevents its Falling Off and Turning Grey.

Unequalled for Promoting the Growth of the BEARD and MOUSTACHE.

THE WORLD-REOWNED REMEDY FOR
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For Curing Weak and Thin Eyelashes, Preserving, Strengthening and rendering the Hair beautifully soft. For removing Scurf, Dandruff, &c.

Also for Restoring Grey Hair to its Natural Colour

IT IS WITHOUT A RIVAL.

Physicians and Analysts pronounce it to be devoid of any Metallic or other injurious ingredients.

WHY NEGLECT YOUR CHILDREN'S HAIR?

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Prevents and Cures all species of Scurf. Keeps the Scalp Clean, and Allays all Irritation. 1/-, 2/-, and (triple 2/- size) 4/- per bottle, from Chemists, Hairdressers, and Perfumers all over the world, or sent direct on receipt of Postal Orders.

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TOBACCO.

FOR PIPE OR CIGARETTE.

SWEET.

COOL.

FRAGRANT



"AT MYRTLE GROVE SIR WALTER RALEIGH WAS SOOTHING HIS MIND WITH THE TOBACCO HE HAD BROUGHT FROM VIRGINIA WHEN HIS IRISH SERVANT THINKING HIS MASTER WAS ON FIRE DASHED WATER OVER HIM."

"MYRTLE GROVE"

CIGARETTES.

SWEET.

COOL.

FRAGRANT.

None Genuine without our Name on each Cigarette.

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A BEAUTIFUL AND LASTING FRAGRANCE.

The most popular of all the Favourite Perfumes is, beyond a doubt,

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FLORIDA WATER



A delightfully delicate and refreshing Toilet Water, distilled from the world-famed fragrant flora of Florida; possesses a rich, insinuating and unchangeable perfume, soothing and refreshing to the sensitive nerves; acts as an aromatic for headaches.

Unrivalled in its variety of applications, being equally well adapted for

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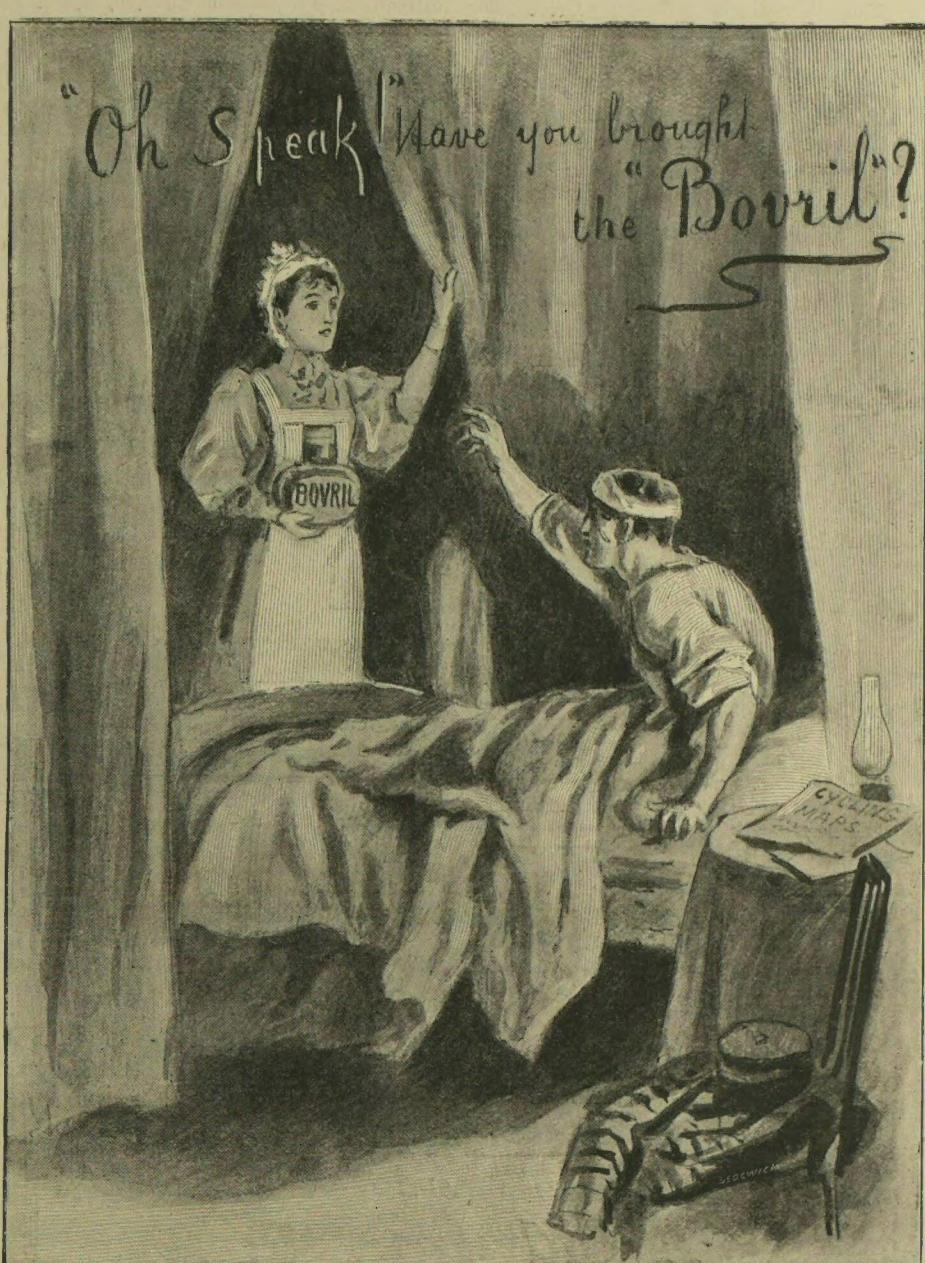
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AFTER "VANITIES."

With apologies to Mr. A. Chevallier Tayler.

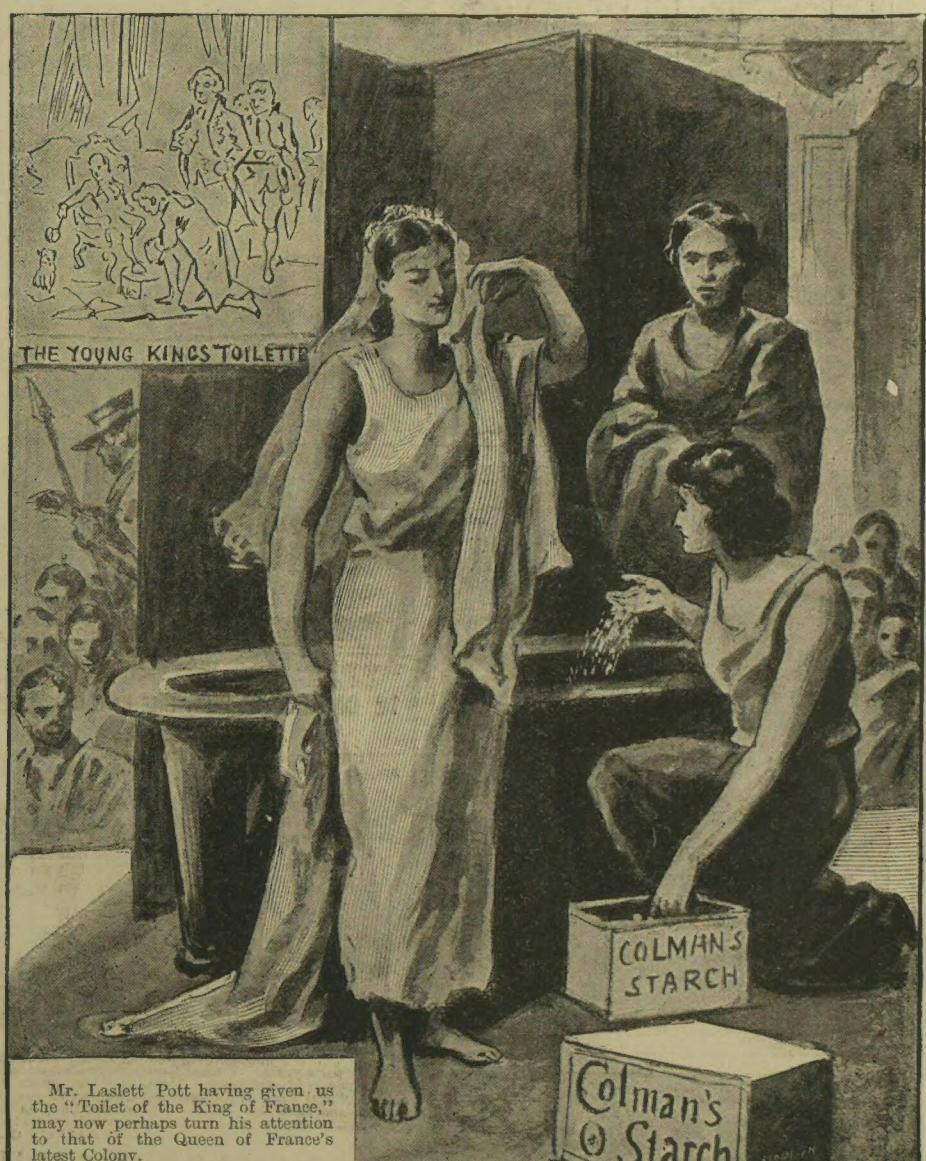


AFTER "OH, SPEAK!"

With apologies to the President

Hoven's Hose Holders' Trade Mark
is the Old Willow Pattern PlateAFTER "BLUE AND WHITE."
With apologies to Mrs. Louise Jopling.

ACADEMY CARICATURES, AS SEEN THROUGH COMMERCIAL SPECTACLES.



Mr. Laslett Pott having given us the "Toilet of the King of France," may now perhaps turn his attention to that of the Queen of France's latest Colony.

By Ancient Cus'tom, the Queen of Madagascar has every year to undergo the ceremony of the bath before her assembled Courtiers and Subjects. A small screen is of course allowed; but the most peculiar part of the function is the sprinkling of Starch into the water in order to render it non-transparent.

AFTER "THE YOUNG KING'S TOILET."
With suggestions to Mr. Laslett Pott.

S. H. B.

PARLIAMENT.

The chief event of the week was the debate on the resolution of the Government to impose upon India the charges for the transport and maintenance of the Indian troops stationed at Souakim. It was urged by Lord George Hamilton that, as India is interested in Egypt, she must be equally interested in the Egyptian expedition into the Soudan, and must pay a contribution towards the expenses of that expedition. To this Mr. John Morley moved an amendment, seconded by Mr. Maclean, the Unionist member for Cardiff, and supported in the debate by Mr. Vicary Gibbs, Sir Andrew Scoble, and Mr. Bhowmaggree, all Unionists. In the division

the majority of the Government fell below ninety, an indication that Lord George Hamilton's policy did not command the undivided allegiance of his party. He was able to cite precedent which showed that the party opposite did not always preach or practise generosity to India; but it was not easy to see why India's interest in the Suez Canal enabled her to participate in the benefits of the march to Dongola. For the sake of £35,000 the Government thought it their duty to overrule the energetic protest of the Viceroy and his Council, and to borrow Indian troops without paying for them. On the Finance Bill a section of the Opposition had a great deal to say. Mr. Lloyd George wanted to reduce the tea duty from fourpence to twopence, but did not explain how

the Chancellor of the Exchequer was to make good a loss to the revenue of a million and a half. The same energetic Welshman proposed to exempt lager beer from the beer duty, for no better reason apparently than that he preferred lager to other ales. Ministers had no difficulty in beating off this attack. Mr. Balfour announced that a week was to be given to the Irish Land Bill; and this looks as if the Government intended to carry that measure at all hazards. In the Lords a proposal to make the operation of the Contagious Diseases (Animals) Bill dependent on the will of the Ministry in power was rejected by a large majority, and the Bill was read a third time after an agreement that it was not to come into force till January.

**A
NOTE
OF WARNING!**

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AND
Avoid Imitations

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SOAP
MAKES SOFT
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**HOVENDEN'S EASY
HAIR CURLER** TRADE MARK
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Descriptive Façade, containing Testimonials, post free on Application.

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to headache, fatigue and used-up feelings, resulting from the present exhausting mode of life. It is useful to know of a preparation which restores the system immediately. The Rev. John Winter, Farrington Rectory, Ledbury, thus testifies to the merits of

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In an unsolicited letter, he writes:—"Bishop's Citrate of Caffeine is my true and only help for headache. This has been the blessing of my life, and I constantly recommend it."

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